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RICH AND POOR.

THE great problem for the statesmen of this day is the reconciliation of rich and poor, or rather, of riches and poverty. For several hundred years the whole course of society has tended to separate the two by a frightful chasm, which now threatens to widen so violently, as by an earthquake, as to shatter the social fabric, and overwhelm all classes in one indiscriminate destruction. We do not pretend to say what is the root of the mischief, though we have little doubt that it may be clearly traced by a careful eye; but it were folly and Quixotism to attempt to turn violently backwards the stream of time itself, and, with the swiftness of a pantomimic change, to transform the England of the nineteenth century into the state in which she was, before the gaunt form of pauperism stretched forth its pallid arms to clasp her in its embrace. We must take things as they are; we must seek to introduce new elements of vitality into the social system, without any childish attempts at a new creation; we must toil to alleviate our sufferings by palliatives, and to counteract where we cannot remodel.

Let us look the fact, then, full in the face. Great Britain and Ireland tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, not through the failure of their commerce and their productions, not because they do not abound in actual wealth, but because at one extremity of the social scale are thousands who roll in riches, and at the other hundreds of thousands who are ready to perish with want. Here is our curse; here is our delusion; here is our deadly disease. Here is the source of Chartism, the parent of jealousy, the instigator of sedition, the root of hatred, and jealousy, and low, debasing, maddening, vice. Here is that which is thwarting all the efforts of the rising benevolence of the age, and alienating the poor from their superiors in rank, at the very time when there is a greater amount of practical earnest desire for their well-being, than has been known amongst us for generations. This it is that laughs to scorn Poor-laws, and Visiting Societies, and Charitable Institutions, and Church-Building Associations, and Exeter Hall

enthusiasts, and Sanitary Measures, and Hospitals, and Building and Benefit Societies, and every scheme, bad, good, and indifferent, with which the amiable, benevolent world attempts the regeneration of the poor, and seeks to lull the passions of the multitude, and charm its sullen murmurs into silence. It is the empty stomach and the shivering back which rouse the passions of "the million." It is the craving for the necessities of life that spurs them on to clamour for their political privileges. It is despair—dark, gloomy, deadly despair—which will speedily make them reckless of life and death, and impel them to dare the bayonets of the soldiery and the cannon's devastating range.

Theorise, speechify, and plume ourselves as we may, upon the vitality of the British constitution, it were worse than blindness to forget that this state of things is an unquestionable sign of social decay. Never yet did kingdom or people fall into this condition without coming to a speedy and irretrievable dissolution of all law, order, prosperity, and peace. The social malady which preyed upon the old empire of Rome, till it crumbled into dust, will not spare the most universal of modern empires, unless by some almost superhuman efforts its deadly course be arrested, and a more sound and vigorous health be infused into our system. Great Britain must perish through the effects of that very commercial enterprise and excess of capital which has made her mistress of the seas, and arbitress of the destinies of Europe. She, who has succumbed to no foreign victor, will die, struck lifeless by her own children, whom she has called forth into existence only to bring them up in misery, destitution, and sin.

Happily, we believe, the eyes of men are opening to these fearful anomalies in our condition. People are leaving off their old cant about Whig and Tory, and seeking to grasp the significance of *facts*. The world sees that the laws of political economy will not save a nation of paupers. It is casting timid yet serious glances on the astounding difference of condition between those who possess capital and those who do not. It is beginning to ask itself, as in the sight of the God of nations, whether it can be conformable to the will of the Author of our being, that the profits of man's labour should be so unequally divided as to overburden a few with the wealth of Oriental princes, while the many are consigned to a worse than Oriental degradation and destitution. While France reels under the shocks of revolution, and vainly seeks to steady herself with the preposterous panaceas of Communism, we cannot but hope that the practical English mind is turning over and over again every possible and feasible scheme for applying a real remedy to her own internal disorders. And a voice will soon sound from the nation, *compelling* a reluctant Ministry to gird itself up for the struggle, and to spare no privileged class, and cast away every long-dominant interest, which may interfere with the amelioration of the boundless multitudes who threaten to pauperise the entire kingdom. We care not who it is; we reck not of Russell, or Peel, or Stanley. It is not a question of

the House of Lords or the House of Commons; of votes, and parties, and parliamentary precedents; of monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy,—we must have *some one* who will find some better remedy for pauperism than the Poor-law. Workhouses are well enough, when rightly administered, for *paupers*, but they are no cure for *pauperism*. They do not touch the root of the disease; they only alleviate some few of its bitter consequences. We must have a statesman who will have the wisdom to discern our remedy, the tact to apply it, and the courage to defy the storm that he must encounter from the great, the rich, and the powerful, in the land.

As to any interference with the natural progress of trade and commerce, the public mind scouts it as absurd and perilous, and as preposterous and suicidal as the old agrarian laws with which antiquity vainly sought to reconcile the adverse claims of riches and poverty. All such schemes we leave to the *philosophes* on the other side of the Channel, praying only that they may not destroy themselves in their audacious experimentalising. We must have for ourselves such changes as will leave every man a free agent, to think, say, and do as he will in social matters; yet under such a system as shall stay him from destroying himself and others under a vain pretence of commercial liberty. If the inevitable tendency of modern commerce and capital be to make the few gigantically rich, it must be the duty of the Legislature to throw the burden of modern taxation upon those who are thus disproportionately profited. The whole fiscal system must be revised and consolidated. The old exemptions of the landholder and the capitalist must be thrown to the winds. The richer a man is, the *more* taxes he must pay; and not, as now, the *less*. The great abomination of the revenue, the excise, must be either swept away or placed upon an entirely new footing. The income-tax must go the way of the excise, and make room for a property-tax, in which, if there is any difference between the rich and the people of small means, the rich must pay more than their even proportion. The legacy-duties and the probate-duties must yield up their present iniquitous principle of assessment; freehold property must yield the same tax as personal; and the higher be the sum bequeathed, the more it must give to the state, instead of the less. If the window-tax be retained, palaces must pay as palaces, and not as gentlemen's country seats. Every where the one great, unyielding, unrelenting, determination must be enforced, that those who *can* pay *shall* pay. If capital rules the world, capital must find the expenses of government. If the Peers retain the privileges of rank and primogeniture, they must pay liberally for their powers and honours. A change in our system of taxation is at least a partial remedy for our social anomalies; and the day is at hand when no statesman will be able to hold the reins of government for an hour, who is not prepared to remodel it from its widest principles to its minutest details. Other deep and momentous changes may be needed to save us; but here at least is a tangible, practical, safe, and sure remedy; and until *this* reform be attempted and carried, it is mere folly and ignorance to place any confidence in patchwork legislation, in petty, local improvements, or in any revolution in our purely political organisation.

THE ROMAN JESUITS.

[From a Correspondent.]

Rome, April 8th, 1848.

I HASTEN to fulfil my promise of giving you some account of the position which the Jesuits held in Rome before the late popular clamour drove them away.

Speaking generally, I think that few persons will be disposed to deny that they were the most important body of men in Rome; that they stood unrivalled, as a body, for talent, for learning, for activity, for usefulness; in a word, for real worth, and consequently, as their enemies complained, for influence and power. If a foreigner of ability and acquirements in any branch of knowledge whatever came to visit Rome, he was sure to find among the Jesuits some one who could appreciate and assist him. In philosophy, in theology, in the European and Oriental languages, in archaeology, in astronomy, even in heraldry, in chemistry, and in all the other arts and sciences, some one or other of the Jesuit Fathers was always to be found able and willing to impart information to those who wanted it. And yet they were not a numerous body of men: throughout the whole Papal States at the end of last year there were not more than 563 in the Society altogether, and of these only 193 were priests; and if we reckon on an average four or five priests at each of the thirteen establishments which they had in the several country towns or villages, this scarcely leaves us 130 priests for Rome, which, I believe, was about the correct number; for reckoning the priests, the novices, the students, and the lay brothers, they mustered about 360 here.

But now for the promised particulars of the several institutions that were in their hands. First, there was the house and church of the Gesù, built by different Cardinals of the Farnese family at the end of the sixteenth century, expressly for the use of the Jesuits. The house was occupied by the General of the Society, and by all the priests who were employed in the service of the church. The church might be truly called the Parish Church of Rome; and for numerous and orderly functions, for the devotion of the multitudes who were always to be seen there, for the frequency of its communions, for the edification which it gave to all who entered it, it might have defied comparison with all the other churches of the city. If you visited it on any day in the week between five or six o'clock in the morning, when daylight had scarcely dawned, you saw little tapers burning before half-a-dozen or more of the confessionals, and the good Fathers sitting within saying their office, or reading some holy book, whilst some of their penitents were already kneeling around preparing for confession. Others of the Fathers would be saying Mass at some of the numerous altars; and when they had finished, these too took their places in their confessionals. By and by the people began to assemble in greater numbers; and from seven till nine or ten o'clock, the Masses were incessant, and the number of communicants so great, that again and again the priest was obliged to give communion before and after his Mass as well as in the middle; and on Sundays and other great holydays, it looked as if the stream of communicants would never cease. To give you some idea of the fervour and devotion of the congregation at the Gesù, I may mention that the number of communions made there during one year (1846) amounted to 126,300; and that up to the end of August last year the proportion was as nearly as possible the same, 81,800. You must remember too, that these are all communions of *devotion*, not of *obligation*; I mean, that the Gesù not being a parish church, no one, according to the rules of the Church, can fulfil his Easter obligation by communicating there; and moreover, that I have not included the communions of the officiating priests, which in the same year (1846) amounted to 18,300. When will England be able to reckon such a number? The number of confessions was of course proportionably large. I believe the fifteen or sixteen priests who were devoted to this work used to receive from seventy to eighty thousand confessions in a year; and if we assume for an average, as we probably may, that the majority of the penitents were in the habit of weekly confession, this would give us about two thousand individuals who have been deprived of their confessors by this arbitrary and illiberal act on the part of the people. The real *work* of the Gesù, such as hearing confessions, preaching, &c., was of course exclusively in the hands of the Jesuits; but the grander functions, such as High Mass, vespers, &c., were performed by the members of the German College, which, as we shall presently see, has been always under

their superintendence, and in later years has even lived in the Gesù itself. At present a few secular priests have been substituted for the expelled fathers; but as yet the church wears a very deserted and melancholy aspect.

Next to the Gesù—perhaps I ought almost to have named it first—comes the Roman College, and the church of St. Ignazio, which is attached to it. Those who are acquainted with the history of the Church about the time of the Council of Trent, must know how prominent a position in the records of those days is occupied by the companions and sons of St. Ignatius Loyola. He was the prime mover and instigator of the plan, which has since been universally adopted, of establishing diocesan seminaries and colleges, or still more extensive universities, for the improvement of learning and good manners among the young ecclesiastical students. A letter from St. Ignatius' secretary, dated July 6, 1541, complains that the society was not sufficiently numerous to accede to the petitions of all the prelates who were anxious to enjoy the privileges of such colleges in their respective dioceses; and twenty years afterwards, in December 1563, the secretary of the next General of the Jesuits, Laynez, writes to the same purpose from Trent, that they could not found colleges in all the towns to which they had been invited, Rimini, Imola, Bari, &c. &c., because the society was too small. These repeated invitations, however, are abundant testimony to the value of the institutions when once they were established. The first college which they succeeded in founding in Italy seems to have been in Padua in the year 1546, then in 1548 in Sicily, and in 1552 in Rome; but as yet only for students from Germany. This was a subject which, owing to the distracted condition of that country from the heresies of Luther and his associates, St. Ignatius had long very much at heart, which the Germans themselves had sought for as early as 1541, and in which Julius III., who eventually established it, had been much interested even before he was raised to the pontifical throne. The number of students increased so rapidly, that they were obliged more than once to move into more spacious quarters, and St. Ignatius had to beg alms from the faithful for their support. No stronger proof can be adduced of the real worth of the institution than the words of the heretic Chemnitz, who, within ten years from the date of its foundation, protested that "the Jesuits must have been created for the express ruin of Germany and of the Gospel;" and it was the zeal and success of the Jesuits in the establishment of other similar colleges, that gave occasion to that candid acknowledgment of Lord Bacon, "*Quorum cum intueor industriam, solertiamque tam in doctrina excolenda, quam in moribus informandis, illud occurrat Agessilai de Pharnabazo, 'Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.'*" It is not surprising, therefore, that the German College should have been always distinguished for their devotion to the sons of St. Ignatius, to whom they owed so much.

Bartoli tells us, in his *History of the Jesuits in Italy* (book ii. chap. 15), that in his time they kept the vigil of St. Ignazio's day as a fast, and that when his name was read among the list of saints who were to be commemorated on the following day, according to the practice of all the colleges and religious houses in Rome, the students all rose and took off their caps, as a testimony of their veneration for his name. He says this was done not in obedience to any command, but out of a strong feeling of gratitude, and from a traditionary custom among themselves. These students are now deprived of their superiors, and most of them have returned to their own country; the rest are put under the charge of a secular priest. However, I must return to the Roman College, which is the largest and most important establishment that the Jesuits had in this city. In 1563, the Cardinals and Bishops assembled at Trent wrote letters to Pope Pius IV., begging him to found a college in Rome, under the care of the Jesuits, for the education of youths from all parts of the world; but although he gladly listened to their request, and helped the society to found colleges both in Naples and Parma, neither he nor his immediate successor lived to accomplish the task. It was fulfilled at length, twenty

years later, by Gregory XIII., who laid the foundation-stone in 1582, and devoted it, as the inscription still testifies, "*Religioni ac bonis artibus*;" giving them the privilege, which they still enjoy, of conferring degrees. In this college a regular course of education was provided, beginning even at the very elements of infantine instruction, and ending either with rhetoric, philosophy, or theology, according to the ultimate destination of the pupils. Upwards of a thousand boys from different classes of society frequented these schools; a fact, by the by, which seems to be a very convincing proof that the dislike of the order was extremely partial. The boys themselves were devoted to their instructors; indeed, this was one of the complaints against the Jesuits, that they attached their scholars to them too closely, and made them resemble themselves. At present the Roman Seminary of the Apollinare is incorporated with this college, and the schools are transferred from the one place to the other; but it is a curious proof of the extensive influence which the Jesuits once had in this city, that both this very Roman Seminary, and the building in which they were located, formerly belonged to this society. At least I see that in Bartoli's time the German College was in possession of the Apollinare; and certainly the Roman Seminary, which was founded by Pius IV. as his own diocesan college, and regulated by laws drawn up by St. Charles Borromeo, was consigned from the first to the care of Jesuit fathers, and remained under their charge until the suppression of the order. A college for nobles was, by order of Pope Pius VII., transferred to the Jesuits; and they still had the care of it in the Palazzo Borromeo, when this new dispersion of them has left the college without a superior, and I have not heard that anybody is yet appointed to succeed them. In former days the English and Scotch colleges were under the same superintendence; but both of these have been long since consigned to superiors taken from their own countries; and at present, I believe, there was only one other college in Rome which was presided over by that order, viz. the Propaganda, or missionary college for the whole world, and even here all the professors were secular priests; only moral and spiritual matters—in a word, the whole *discipline* of the house, devolved upon the Jesuits, four or five of whom resided there for the purpose.

[To be continued.]

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GÖRRES.

[Concluded from p. 325.]

It only remains for us to say a few words on the virtues of the illustrious dead. In a notice of the last hours of Görres, which a week after his death was inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, we find the following tribute to his virtues, in which all who had the honour of his acquaintance will undoubtedly concur. "Those only," says the writer, "who have enjoyed an intercourse with this genuine German character, are able to appreciate the solidity of his science, the greatness of his character, the depth of his feelings, his unwavering truthfulness, the noble moderation of his judgments, his hospitality, his indulgence and tolerance towards every one, his amiability manifest in all the relations of life, his benevolence, and his mildness. But exalted above these natural virtues, and pervading and ennobling them all, was his firm unshaken faith in his divine Redeemer—a faith that never deserted him even to his latest breath, and has conducted him from this earthly life before the judgment-seat of God, there to receive a reward according to his works."

Slight as was our acquaintance with the deceased, we may add to this account the small weight of our personal testimony. It was on a fine summer evening several years ago, that on approaching the Bavarian capital, we beheld for the first time the Alps glistening like a row of tents in the distance. Among the pleasures we anticipated from a visit to the Bavarian capital, the seat of learning and art, not the least considerable was a personal acquaintance with this extraordinary man. A few evenings after our arrival we called on Görres, and found him strolling in his garden. His

conversation was most instructive, varied, and entertaining. The ease of his manners, and his endless play of wit, took off the restraint which one would naturally feel in the presence of so great a personage. Among his noble qualities, none did we admire so much as his utterly unpretentious and almost divine simplicity of character. It is rare, too, that one endued with such moral energy and fire of eloquence, should combine with them such conciliatory manners; and it is this spirit of prudence and mildness which contributed to ensure him a political influence, such as few private individuals have ever exerted in Germany. He was long the life and soul of a society composed of all that was most religious and intellectual in Munich—a society whereof it is difficult to say whether learning, talent, piety, or amiability, were the most distinguishing characteristics.

We make it a point rarely to publish expressions uttered in the course of conversation; but there were two observations Görres made to the writer of these pages, and which are so characteristic that he cannot forbear citing them. We asked whether he thought "the Abbé de la Mennais were endowed with a great metaphysical genius, or whether his *forte* were not in dialectics." "In dialectics," he replied; "he was, as you know, a great fencer in his youth." Again, the writer spoke of an eminent German Protestant historian (whether living or dead is not to the purpose), who often renders full justice to the Catholic Church, her institutions and eminent personages, and yet at times breaks out into a sally of sectarian bitterness against her. "True," replied Görres; "*his Protestantism is still fresh in his blood*, for his grandfather was an apostate from our Church." These two observations we have adduced, as they serve to illustrate a leading principle in Görres's philosophy above adverted to, namely, the singular concordance between the moral and the physical economy of things.

Görres was ever treated with marked respect by the King of Bavaria. In the year 1839 the monarch conferred on him letters of nobility, a tribute to virtue and genius which was generally applauded.

The deplorable events that occurred last year at the court of Munich inflicted the deepest pain on the heart of our author. He saw a king whom he so much loved under the spell of an infamous courtesan; a minister distinguished for his great talents and Catholic zeal compelled by that influence to resign his post; and his intimate friends, the most eminent professors of the University—a Lessaulx, a Moy, a Phillips, and a Döllinger—ignominiously expelled from those professorial chairs which they had filled with honour to themselves and usefulness to their country. It was no solace to him that he alone was spared in the general catastrophe which struck down his friends. His depression of spirits was accompanied with a general physical debility, which could not escape the notice of those around him. In the early part of January of the present year, he was attacked with the grippe, which he neglected for some time, till, by the advice of his eminent physician, Dr. Ringscis, he took to his bed. He was soon convinced that this illness was his last, and consequently directed his attention to the matter of the highest moment—the concerns of his soul.

Let us now hear the friend above quoted, who has given the account of his last moments.

"Eight days before his death," says he, "Görres received with a truly edifying devotion the last sacraments of the Church. During the whole time of his sickness, never did any one hear him utter a complaint as to his bodily pains; and to all who approached his bed, he stretched out his hand and bade a hearty welcome. Yes, even to his latest breath, we heard from him not only words of solace, but even expressions of serenity and joy. The prescriptions of the physicians he followed with the most punctual fidelity, although he clearly saw the utter inutility of all their efforts. 'The faculty will exercise its rights,' he said; 'they have yoked their horses to storm heaven; now have they cast the last die?' These and the like expressions did he use in his wonted jocular way. In the mean time very dangerous symptoms, especially oppression at the chest, increased in the morning of the 25th January. His words from time to time revealed

the train of his thoughts. The whole course of his eventful life now passed before his soul. He praised in all things the wise dispensations of Divine Providence; he spoke much of the importance of this sickness in respect to himself, and how clearly he recognised the importance of maladies in the divine government of the world. It would appear as if the great Christian mystic had received a new light as to the mystic importance of sickness, and which now served to impart a greater glorification to his spirit. At daybreak on the 26th of January, the vast picture of the world's history was once more unrolled before his eyes; one people after another came up before him; the Slavonian races and the Hungarians were the last subject of his meditation. He lamented the downfall of monarchy; 'pray,' he said, 'for the nations that are no more;' and referring to the present time, he said, 'The State governs, and the Church protests.'

"He had now done with the world; and to his family and friends returned his warmest thanks for the sympathy and affectionate kindness which they had evinced for him during his illness. At this moment his eldest daughter, who had received the intelligence that his precious life was in danger, arrived from Frankfort. After an affectionate embrace, he said to her, in the tone of a Christian perfectly resigned to the will of God, 'You have come just at the right time, neither too early nor too late, so all is right.' On the morning of the following day, the dissolution of the illustrious patient appeared more and more imminent. He desired to receive once more the Blessed Sacrament. After his communion, he blessed his children, and stretched out his hand with much tenderness to the faithful partner of his life. He then requested several Psalms to be recited, and the chapter of St. Paul on the resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 42-58), which seemed to afford him much inward consolation. Born on the feast of St. Paul's conversion, he had often during his illness meditated on that feast, as one calculated to administer to him much interior comfort. He lay in silence with a crucifix in his hand, which his late Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. had given to his son for him. After a short pause, his eyes suddenly beamed with an extraordinary radiance; his features assumed an aspect of unwonted serenity; and he said in a tone of inimitable sweetness, 'Now all will go its regular course.' These and other like expressions, referring, as they did, not to his body but to his soul, tended much to allay the grief of his kinsmen and friends. He continued to speak of his approaching end with the greatest composure of mind. A relative then put on his head, which had been stripped of some of its hair, a little cap. 'Ah!' he said, 'will you set upon my head your Ulysses' cap? Do you wish me to put my shoulder to the helm, to undertake once more the voyage of the world? That was indeed a stormy voyage, but it is now too late.'

"A little afterwards, turning to his youngest daughter, he said, 'There will be to-night a fearful struggle between life and death. Have you appointed any one of experience to watch?' His friends then approached, and said they would watch that night by his bedside. He expressed his thanks by cordially shaking them by the hand. On the part of his family, nothing was omitted which could tend to alleviate his sufferings, but he now declared that it was utterly useless to administer to him any more medicine. Early in the morning of the 29th of January (Feast of St. Francis of Sales), his spasms reached such a degree of intensity, that his dissolution was momentarily expected. His faithful friend and disciple, the Rev. Dr. Hahnberg, after whispering to him for some time words of solace, left him to offer up for him the holy sacrifice of the Mass. His friends continued praying by his bedside; and when they came to the words in the Saints' Litany, 'Holy Magdalen, pray for him,' Görres breathed out his soul into the hands of his Maker. Thus died the great teacher, teaching us even from his deathbed how the Christian should die. Peace to his soul!"

Görres has left a widow and several children (among whom is the above named distinguished writer, Guido Görres) to deplore his irreparable loss. The bier of Görres was borne by a deputation of students, and was followed by great numbers of the clergy, nobility, and

citizens, as well as by the whole corps of University professors. The students were anxious to give a torch-light procession to the illustrious dead; but the miserable Ministry, that for a year had oppressed Church and University, would not permit this mark of respect to the departed, and actually, for three days, guarded his tomb with soldiers, in order to prevent the academic youth from visiting it, and there singing hymns in his honour.

During the funeral procession an incident occurred which is too memorable to be passed over in silence. Lola Montes, with her usual effrontery, came out to behold the procession; and some students, standing by, having failed to take off their caps to salute her, the shameless woman declared in the street that she would resent this insult, and that the University should be forthwith closed. And she was true to her word. A royal edict for shutting up the University for nine months was actually issued two days afterwards.

In conclusion, we shall now attempt to characterise the great writer whose biography we have sketched. His profound and comprehensive understanding, vast learning, and powerful imagination, place him high in the very first class of writers and thinkers. It was in the departments of political science, universal history, and mystic theology, this mighty intellect attained to its highest eminence, and rendered the most essential services to society. His more splendid endowments were united with a practical sagacity, which enabled him to apply his philosophic theories to the minutest relations and circumstances of political life. In the region of pure metaphysics his genius seemed less at home. There we miss accurate definitions, and clear deductions, and logical consecutiveness. There it would almost appear as if his too redundant fancy somewhat disturbed the operations of his powerful understanding. But in political and historical philosophy his imagination, learning, and powers of reflection mutually sustained, developed, and relieved each other; and combined with a consummate judgment, and a bold and generous character, they served to constitute one of the greatest oracles of statesmanlike wisdom that ever lived. His learning embraced in its comprehensive range dogmatic and mystic theology, the classical and modern literatures, many of the physical sciences, and every department of ancient and modern history. His style is peculiarly racy and vigorous, remarkable for the skilful use of familiar words and phraseology; though not unfrequently harsh and obscure in its construction, and at times overloaded with similitudes drawn from the technical and natural sciences. But these defects are redeemed by a warmth of feeling, and a splendour of fancy, and a richness of historical illustration, and a brilliant play of wit and humour rarely equalled. His eloquence may be compared to his own Rhine,* rapid, impetuous, but majestic withal, at times overflowing, surprising us by its sudden turns, and carrying us through scenes, now of rugged grandeur, now of enchanting beauty, ever teeming with antique recollections.

If now we might institute a comparison between him and his greatest contemporary, with whom he is most worthy to be classed, Frederick von Schlegel, we should say, that in purity of taste, accurate scholarship, critical acumen, and metaphysical depth, the latter was much superior to Görres; while, on the other hand, in fervour of eloquence, in wit, in humour, and in the detailed application of political theories to practical life, the palm must be as clearly yielded to the subject of this memoir. That fine intellectual harmony, which was F. Schlegel's especial characteristic, was wanting to Görres. Their learning, equally vast, was concurrent in some points, and in others diverged in different directions. Both with a generous, unwearied zeal devoted their great gifts and acquirements to the holiest of causes, the glorification of God, and the well-being of mankind. And the writings of both men, though characterised by such different tempers, overflow with a Christian benignity of feeling.

Like the other great Catholic publicists of the pre-

* We had written this passage before we read Dr. Hahnberg's elegant funeral oration over Görres, where he also compares the life of that writer to the Rhine; but the simile is there carried out in a totally different manner.

sent age, F. Schlegel, Adam Müller, Baron von Haller, and later, Jarcke and Phillips, and in a still more eminent degree than these, did Görres contribute to build up a political party—a party alike opposed to absolutism and democracy, a party that in Catholic Germany is powerful, and in Protestant Germany is not without influence.*

His philosophical writings have contributed to spread more spiritual views in physiology, to establish the harmony between the moral and the physical universe, to vindicate the ways of Providence in the government of the world, to dispel the dangerous illusions which the science of animal magnetism was calculated to excite, and to set forth the glory of Christ in his Saints. The voice which had once appalled the enemies of Germany, and helped to snatch her from the yoke of foreign bondage, which had so often warned her against the perils of despotism and anarchy, which had so often defended the liberty of the Church against the pen of sophists and the sword of despots; that voice has been hushed at the moment when its accents were most needed.

THE LOST ROMAN RELIC.

[From a Correspondent.]

Rome, April 6th, 1818.

MY DEAR— You will have heard from the public newspapers and other quarters of the sacrilegious theft that was committed here some weeks ago, of one of the most precious treasures in St. Peter's, the head of St. Andrew the Apostle; and of the triduos that were celebrated in some of his churches, as well as in St. Peter's itself, for the purpose of atoning for the sacrilege, and of praying for the recovery of the relic. These prayers have been answered, and on Saturday the Cardinal Vicar announced that the lost treasure had been discovered, and that the bells of all the churches would ring for half an hour after the Ave Maria, in manifestation of the general joy and gratitude. Various stories are afloat as to how it came to light, but the most probable seems to be that it was revealed in confession, especially as nothing has transpired as to the parties concerned in the theft. One thing is certain, that the relic was found buried in the earth near one of the buttresses of the city walls, between the Porta San Pancrazio and the Porta Portese, and close to it, in a separate bundle, were the silver and jewels of the case in which it had been enclosed. The silver had been melted, but the relic itself was uninjured, being bound with the same ribbon, and the seals still unbroken. It was immediately removed to the chapel at the Quirinale Palace, where the next morning his Holiness invited all the Cardinals, after the usual Cappella Papale, to come and visit it with him. He appointed the following Wednesday, yesterday, as the day for restoring it to St. Peter's, which he ordered should be done with all the pomp and solemnity of the annual Corpus Christi procession. The devout Romans were not slow to obey the call of their Santo Padre; and I cannot tell you how refreshing it has been, in these days of feverish political excitement, to see once more a sight so characteristic of "the Holy City." I ought to have mentioned, by the by, that the first news of the recovery of the relic had been received with the greatest delight, and was celebrated by a general illumination of the city, and even of the beautiful dome of St. Peter's itself, as at Easter; a thing which would have seemed impossible at such short notice, except to those who are in some measure accustomed to the rapidity with which the Italians can get up a *festa*.

The head was exposed all yesterday morning in the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, where it was visited by large numbers of the people. In the afternoon, some time before the appointed hour, all the streets from St. Andrea to St. Peter's were more densely crowded than

* Twenty-eight years ago did Frederick von Schlegel and his friend Adam von Müller, in the *Concordia*, published at Vienna, point out the advantages, nay the indispensable necessity, of the States-Constitution. Had the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich herein followed the advice of these eminent publicists, whom they occasionally consulted, and given to the provincial states of Austria that real political life and importance of which they had long retained but the shadow, the Austrian empire would have been in a far better condition to meet the present formidable political crisis.

I think I almost ever saw them on any other public occasion. All the windows and balconies too were decorated as for a grand festival, and full of eager spectators. The procession was preceded by a small body of dragoons clearing a way for its advance. First came the Guardia Civica, then one or two of the principal confraternities and public institutions of charity, the different religious orders each in their peculiar costume, the parochial clergy, the canons of the several basilicas, each separate body preceded by its own bell and pavilion, and all bearing lighted candles, and singing or repeating the appointed prayers and hymns. By and by came two or three Bishops and monsignori of the Pope's household, followed by the precious relic itself, which was borne aloft in a large glass case, resting on a velvet cushion, by four monsignori of the highest rank, and sheltered by a *baldachino*. Four mitred Bishops walked at the four corners, and immediately behind them was the Pope, on foot and bareheaded (except his small white skull-cap), with a lighted candle in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, surpliced and stoled like the other priests, and in no way distinguished from them, excepting by the deep crimson velvet cape which he always wears over his ordinary white dress upon any solemn occasion. It was a touching sight to see the head of all Christendom walking on thus humbly with the rest, repeating the prayers with them as he walked, neither giving blessings, nor receiving homage, but laying aside for a time his own apostolical dignity, to do greater honour to the remains of the martyred Apostle of his Lord, the brother and early guide of his own predecessor, St. Peter. After the Pope came the venerable College of Cardinals, the knights of Malta, several of the foreign ambassadors, the principal military officers, and lastly forty or fifty of the Roman princesses and other ladies.

The whole procession was conducted with that patience and good order which is the general characteristic of such scenes in Rome; and after the *Te Deum* had been sung in St. Peter's and the Pope had exposed the relic to the people, making the sign of the cross with it over the assembled multitudes, they dispersed quietly to their homes. In the evening there was a general illumination, and the whole church of St. Peter's again shone forth with its many thousand lights towering over the rest of the city, and presenting a spectacle that must have perplexed the people of the Alban Hills, and made them think we were keeping Easter before its time.

There is certainly an instinctive good taste about the Italians which leads them for the most part to do just the right thing in the right time and place. On this occasion, in spite of the intense political excitement which prevails, not a sound was heard except the occasional military bands as they passed, or the chanting of the church-choirs, or the recitation of the prayers; there were no boisterous salutations of the Sovereign Pontiff, no exhibition of tri-color flags, not even the usual quantity of tri-color cockades. Some nosegays were thrown upon the glass case; but I observed that when an attempt was made to shower rose-leaves upon the Pope, it was repressed by a gentle murmur of disapprobation. This was the more remarkable, because it had been intended to celebrate the day by a demonstration of a very different kind; it was the feast of St. Vincenzo, and a certain party in Rome had determined to keep holyday in honour of Vincenzo Gioberti, and the expulsion of the Jesuits. Happily this scandal has been spared us for this year at least, and before St. Vincenzo's feast comes round again, who knows what changes Rome may not have witnessed? N.

Journal of the Week.

April 14.

SEVERAL purposeless discussions and disputes occupied the chief attention of the Houses of Parliament last night. Lord Redesdale moved for a return of all the Jesuits who had applied for leave to reside in the United Kingdom during the past year. In his speech he attacked the *Tablet* newspaper, as an organ of the Jesuits, and revolutionary. Lord Beaumont said he did not like the Jesuits, but they were guiltless of revolutionary tendencies.

Lord Lansdowne said that Lord Redesdale's motion could not be acted on, as no Jesuits had applied for leave.

Then followed a debate on the Alien Act, including a dispute between Lords Beaumont and Brougham about the Pope and the King of Sardinia, in which the latter noble Lord displayed his former ignorance of the Pontiff's character and principles.

In the Commons, the absurdities and dishonesties of the signatures attached to the Chartist petition were exposed by Mr. Cripps, who stated that after Mr. O'Connor's preposterous exaggerations on the subject, he should not believe his word for the future. Mr. O'Connor defended himself without success, and left the House under an impression that he meant to challenge Mr. Cripps. A long and tiresome debate followed, which ended in the sergeant-at-arms being desired to summon Mr. O'Connor back again. He did not come, and therefore was arrested, and made his appearance in the middle of a debate upon the Irish "Ministers' Money" question: upon this the usual explanations about *unparliamentary* expressions took place, the matter dropped, the "Ministers' Money" was again discussed, the Protestant Church in Ireland was severely handled, and Sir W. Somerville's motion for a committee on the subject was carried. Mr. O'Connor also said that he should not press his motion for a discussion of the Chartist petition.

There is little other news to-day either at home or from abroad. The city of London has presented its freedom to Lord Hardinge. Dublin Castle is to be strengthened with additional defences; the report that the Austrians had beaten the Piedmontese turns out to be false; an obstinate engagement has taken place between Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein at Bau, which has been abandoned by the troops of Schleswig-Holstein; the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier have arrived in Madrid, where, as in the rest of Spain and in Portugal, military despotism reigns undisputed.

April 15.

Lord Stanley brought a bill into the House of Lords last night for amending the manner in which their Lordships transact their business; and the House of Commons spent fourteen consecutive hours in getting through a very small portion of its own work. Almost the whole of this interminable sitting was spent in discussing the clauses of the Crown and Government Security Bill, which got through the Committee by two o'clock this morning. No wonder that the chairman, Mr. Bernal, shewed unmistakeable signs of somnolency. There was nothing novel in the debate, except that some of the members censured Mr. Osborne for saying that an old woman had crept into the cabinet, in saying which they supposed he meant to allude to the Duke of Wellington! Mr. Osborne said he meant nothing of the kind.

The financial condition of France is still terrible. The Bank has evidently pushed its issue of paper to the utmost limit permitted by the law. The *Presse* contains a fearful estimate of the amount of the depreciation of the value of Government stock and other public securities since the revolution, which that journal thus sums up:

Depreciation of the public funds between February 23 and April 12	3,385,795,811 f.
Ditto of the Bank of France	146,680,000
Railroads	316,585,000
Total amount of depression (or about 140,000,000 l. sterling)	3,749,060,811

The electoral question hourly increases the difficulties of the Government. The exclusion of all the leaders of the Socialists from the lists of candidates for the National Assembly published by the Central Committee, under the influence of Government, has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the operatives of Paris—a fact proved by the columns of their newspaper organ (*the Démocratie Pacifique*), which are filled with articles reprobating the exclusive system of the Government in imitation of that just overthrown.

Seizures of arms have been made in several parts of Paris. In the provinces the agitation continues, and in some places extends to the troops of the line.

It appears from statistical returns that there are in France 10,282,946 landed proprietors, 213,168 stockholders, 38,305 owners of annuities, 154,875 pensioners of the State, 104,325

individuals holding offices requiring a security, and 627,830 individuals paid by the Government. Finally, France comprises 23,241,120 proprietors, agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, and artisans.

The Austrians are strengthening their position in Lombardy. The entrance of Radetski into Verona has been officially made known by the publication of an order of the day declaring that city in a state of siege, and denouncing the punishment of death to those who retain concealed arms. A splendid funeral ceremony, in honour of the victims who perished during "the five days," has been performed at Milan. The Provisional Government is proceeding rapidly in the organisation of a military force, and the people continue to act with the utmost ardour.

The new Venetian Republic is issuing repeated decrees to arrange their affairs, domestic and foreign. At Florence, the departure of the Tuscan contingent for the Italian army in Lombardy was preceded by a grand religious ceremony, celebrated by the Archbishop, and at which the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess and all the Ministers and dignitaries of the State were present. The troops afterwards defiled on the square, and marched off for Lombardy.

The Duke of Parma and Placentia has at last granted his Constitution.

In Limerick and Cork, and other parts of Ireland, a very serious run upon the savings-banks is going on. Archbishop Murray has addressed a letter to the *Evening Post*, of which the following are extracts :

"Mountjoy Square, April 12.

"My dear Sir,—In the supplement added to your excellent journal on Saturday last, you inserted a declaration, of which the following is a copy :

"We, the undersigned noblemen, clergy, bankers, merchants, and inhabitants generally of this city and its vicinity, being anxious at all times to maintain the peace of our city, and of the country generally, feel called on, under the present peculiar circumstances, to declare our fixed determination to support her Majesty, her crown, and the laws of our country, by every legitimate means in our power ; and that we will be prepared, at all times, to aid the Lord-Lieutenant in the furtherance of such measures as his Excellency may consider it expedient to adopt to preserve the peace of the metropolis and of our country. And we entreat that our fellow-citizens will unite with us in using their best endeavours to prevent such persons with whom they may possess influence from being misled by others into any violation of the law."

"In the list of the advocates of peace and order who signed that declaration, I would be ashamed if my humble name—the name of one who by the nature of his office is peculiarly a minister of peace—were not to be found. It has, however, seemed good to an individual who signs himself 'One of my Flock' (whether truly or otherwise, I cannot say) to call on me, on the part of himself and some others, to withdraw my name, through the public press, from that list. Will you have the great goodness to permit me to assure my correspondent, through you, that a sense of duty forbids me to comply with his request. No ; I am an advocate for peace. While I join with the celestial choirs in the anthem, 'Glory to God in the highest,' it is a duty dear to my heart to join with them also in the aspiration, 'On earth peace unto men.' Fifty years ago I witnessed the miseries which a convulsion—such as a scene like this may give birth to—inflicted on the political, social, and moral condition of this unhappy country. Can any one be surprised that a thrill of horror should rush through my soul at the bare thought of the recurrence of such a calamity ? May God in his mercy avert it !"

The Catholic Bishop and clergy of the dioceses of Cloyne and Ross have signed an address to the Queen, praying for Repeal, couched in most loyal and respectful, but very firm and determined language.

April 17.

There has at last been some *bona fide* fighting between the Piedmontese and Austrians ; but it is difficult to say what is the real import of the victory, which lay on the side of Sardinia. Charles Albert's troops attacked the Austrians near the

bridge of Goito, on the Mincio, dislodged them from their position, drove them over the bridge (which the Austrians then blew up), took some of their guns, and a large number of prisoners. This, at least, is the Milanese version. The most vehement rejoicings followed the announcement of the news in Milan. The Provisional Government has ordered the dissolution of the local administrations, and has formed itself into the "Central Provisional Government," to which delegates from all towns and districts in Lombardy will be received. 80,000*l.* has been received in voluntary contributions in the city of Milan alone, and the taxes due on the 20th of May are to be prepaid on the 20th of this month.

In France, the departments seem generally disturbed, while Paris remains hitherto free from any act of open outrage. At Beauvais, within 40 miles of the capital, very serious disorders have taken place. The events at Lyons are still more menacing, and it is clear that the situation of Provincial France is most unsatisfactory. In Paris the ultra-Republicans are beginning to increase in the warmth of their denunciations of plots against the Republic.

A menacing demonstration was to be made yesterday by the working classes. They were repairing in crowds to the Champ de Mars to elect officers for the National Guard of their own body, although officers must already have been chosen for all in the regular way.

The labour question is daily becoming more complicated. The club for the organisation of operatives has split. The seceders maintain the doctrine of association (partnership), but the discontinuance of competition.

The review of the first legion of the National Guard took place in the Champs Elysées before General Courtais, and Marrast, as Mayor of Paris, with the staff of the former, and the mayors of the *arrondissements* as the attendants of the latter. Several of the guards were without uniform and arms, or with only pieces of uniform, such as epaulets fixed upon the shoulders of a paletot, and arms taken up at random. Cigars or short pipes were in many mouths ; capes and umbrellas also were freely used to keep off the rain. Upon the whole, the display was spirited. Several well-known Legitimist faces were to be seen among the members of this legion, young ex-dukes in considerable sprinkling, and ex-counts and ex-barons numberless. An ex-duke was even marching at the head of a battalion, and other sub-officers were to be found among the newly-elected, the possessors of ancient names.

The war between Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein seems to be rapidly drawing to an end. The country of Schleswig is open to the Danes, even where they have not yet taken possession. The loss of human life is not yet accurately ascertained : it is said there are about 1400 killed on both sides. The noblest families of the country have lost their sons and brothers. The corps of students from Kiel, 150 young men, have been altogether cut up.

The whole Duchy of Baden is on the verge of republicanism. Alsatia is violently agitated ; and in many parts of the province the Jews have been the objects of ferocious persecution.

Yesterday was the first day of Term in Dublin. The courts were opened with the usual formalities. The traversers (Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchell,) proceeded in procession, accompanied by a train of admirers, to the Queen's Bench, to appear on their recognisances, but every precaution was taken by the civil and military authorities to prevent a breach of the peace. The military force in the Castle was doubled ; another body of troops, with two pieces of artillery, was posted near the Four Courts ; and the horse police patrolled the streets from an early hour. At half-past eleven the traversers, followed by about twenty or thirty gentlemen and some members of the Confederate Clubs, walking two abreast, proceeded on foot to the courts. The mob, which was then not very numerous, preserved an ominous silence until the traversers entered the gates of the courts, when a cheer was raised for O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher. The usual law-proceedings then followed, Mr. Justice Crampton presiding. Before the rising of the Court at four o'clock, true bills were found against the traversers upon every count in the indictments sent before the

jury. They were then severally given in charge, and the usual four-day rules to plead were entered.

The Attorney-General was the only Crown counsel who appeared in Court. The traversers did not appear by counsel, but applied to be allowed to do so in future. The Court made no decision upon the application for the present. After the rising of the Court, the traversers were loudly cheered in the hall, and upon their route homewards; all, however, ended peaceably.

April 18.

In the House of Lords last night the Earl of Ellenborough moved for a return of all the arms and ammunition seized or surrendered in Ireland between the 14th of March and the 14th of April, and remarked on the reports of the manufacture of arms with which the Irish papers were filled. He wished to know whether the Government were prepared to enforce the Arms Act of last November, or, if that act were inadequate, whether they were prepared to submit to Parliament other measures for the purpose of protecting her Majesty's subjects, and supporting the courage of those who were loyal to the Government?

The Marquis of Lansdowne had no objection to produce the return in question. With regard to enforcing the Arms Act, that could only be done with great discretion, and the Government had the greatest confidence in the policy pursued by the Lord-Lieutenant.

A long discussion took place in the House of Commons on the motion for a new writ for Derby. Sir J. Hanmer repeated the same objections to the issue of this writ which he had urged a few nights ago against the issue of the writ to the borough of Bewdley. He rose, however, to implore the Government to take into serious consideration the present dangerous state of things in so many boroughs; saying that at this moment it required, more than anything else, amendment and reform.

Lord J. Russell, Sir R. Peel, Sir G. Grey, and others, concurred in asserting that the proof of bribery was sufficient to stay the issuing of the writ; Sir R. Inglis and others said the reverse. The writ was finally refused by a large majority.

On the report of the Crown and Government Security Bill being brought up, various amendments were brought forward and rejected, and the bill is to be read a third time to-morrow. The rest of the evening was occupied in discussing the duties on copper-ore, which the Government are intending to reduce.

The tea-party given to Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher, in the Music Hall at Dublin, on their return from France, passed off enthusiastically but peaceably. The hall was crowded to excess. The great sight of the evening was a broad tricolor flag, of yellow, white, and blue, given to Mr. Meagher by several young men in France.

The anticipated disturbances in Paris have happily come to nothing. Sunday not only passed over without bloodshed, but the unanimity, the zeal, and the enthusiasm of the National Guard were exceeded by those of the National Guards Mobiles, together amounting to 220,000 men. Cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!*" were mingled with shouts of "Down with the Communists!" "Down with Blanqui! down with Cabet!"—the leaders of the Communists. The affair was considered conclusive, and the utmost joy and confidence pervaded Paris yesterday in consequence.

The *Presse* says, that towards half-past four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, whilst the National Guard filled the open space in front of the Hotel de Ville, MM. Lamartine and Crémieux were perceived at one of the windows of that building, when instantly, and, as if by enchantment, the troops placed their helmets on their bayonets, and the air resounded with cries of "*Vive Lamartine!*" "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!*" A moment afterwards M. Louis Blanc appeared at another window, when a few cheers were raised, but much less spontaneous and general.

The agitation and violence in Prussian Poland are giving way, and the soldiery are disarming the insurgents. The Emperor of Austria has written a letter of approbation and thanks to Radetski on his Italian proceedings.

The Venetian Republic continues energetically at work on its own state affairs, and has issued several important docu-

ments, including an address of the Provisional Government "to the United Provinces of the Venetian Republic," assuring them that they shall all enjoy equal rights and advantages; 2d, an important commercial decree, abolishing the duties on cotton-yarn and cotton manufactures, mixed and unmixed, within the Custom-house territory of the united provinces of the Republic; 3d, a decree ordering the formation of a regular cavalry corps of 200 soldiers to serve for four years; and, lastly, a multitude of addresses of the Provisional Government to the States of Italy and other foreign powers. The first, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Papal States, declares that the title of Republic has been assumed by the Government of Venice as conformable with ancient traditions, but that the Republic, although extended as regards its institutions, will never cross its frontiers to disturb the order of adjacent states, or to create discord where there is the greatest need of harmony and affection.

The address to the Government of Great Britain observes that a nation like the English, where respect for traditions is a sort of social dogma, ought to be sensible how sacred the ancient reminiscences of Venetian history must necessarily be to the Republic—that a constitutional government in the actual state of things might become a source of danger—that every established Government will be respected, and that the Republic hopes that the Venetian flag will be invariably hailed with a friendly salute by British ships, &c.

April 19.

The Irish Government has made a decided move towards putting an end to the warlike preparations of the insurrectionists in Dublin. Thirteen young men have been arrested in Ship Street by the police, and were brought before the magistrates yesterday on a charge of having unlawfully assembled for the purpose of drilling and military exercise, contrary to the provisions of the Act of Parliament, which renders the persons so employed liable to be indicted for a misdemeanour, punishable by transportation for seven years. At one o'clock the prisoners were put to the bar to answer the charge. They were all young men, of the better order of mechanics, well dressed, and for the most part fit for service. The name of the person who was employed in drilling the rest, is Gogarty. After hearing the counsel on both sides, the Bench decided in sending Gogarty for trial for a breach of the act, in having been found drilling certain persons in military evolutions, preparatory to the use of arms; and that, with respect to the other prisoners, a question might be raised in their favour. Gogarty was accordingly held to bail, himself in 50*l.* and two sureties of 25*l.* each. The other prisoners were each held to bail, themselves in 20*l.* and two sureties of 10*l.* each, to appear at the next commission. Bail having been procured, the prisoners were discharged.

In the House of Lords last night the Marquis of Lansdowne stated, in answer to a question from Lord Beaumont, that many persons who had been found at Dublin engaged in firing at a mark for the purpose of military training, had been arrested. The Election Recognizances Bill then passed through committee, after a warm altercation between Lord Monteagle, Lord Brougham, and Lord Malmesbury. The Alien Bill was read a third time and passed.

The final discussion on the Crown and Government Security Bill took place in the House of Commons. The two most important speeches were those of the present and of the late Premier.

Sir R. Peel said, he could not allow the bill to pass without distinctly avowing his approval of its provisions. He would keep those frogs that were croaking sedition in the marshes, and would not allow them to puff themselves into the dimensions of the nobler animals that bellowed treason. He warned Mr. O'Connor that those who drew 100,000 persons together could not foresee what might be the consequences. He referred to the condition of France, and declared it to be his firm belief that the security of every existing government depended on a rigid abstinence from any interference in the transactions of that country. He hoped that the working classes of Great Britain would not be deluded by the doctrines held in

France respecting labour and the wages of labour. If it were true that men, without reference to their different capabilities, strength, and capacities, ought all to receive the same daily wages, all the experience and all the lights of the last 150 years had existed in vain.

Lord John Russell declared that it was the determination of the Government to put down the violence in Ireland, and that they could certainly depend on the army, whose fidelity had been foully belied in various ways, both in and out of that House. He said, that immediately after Easter the House would proceed to the discussion of measures which related to the political state of the Irish population; but asserted that all the grievances of which Mr. Grattan complained in the Irish Parliament, and which remained unredressed by that Parliament, had been redressed by a Parliament of the United Kingdom. He declared his readiness to listen to any proposition supported by the great majority of Irish members, having for its object the improvement of the laws and condition of that country; but by discussion, or if driven to it, by force, he was determined, as long as there was breath and life in him, to oppose the repeal of the legislative union.

The House then divided, when the numbers were, for the third reading, 295; against it, 40: majority, 255. The bill was then read a third time and passed, amid loud cheers from both sides of the House.

Paris has barely escaped another revolution. It was thrown into great alarm yesterday morning by the beating of the *rappel*. The whole of the guard turned out, and continued patrolling and marching, or in position, until ten o'clock, when they were dismissed. The cause of the *alerte* was information received by the Government that the Hotel de Ville, the Treasury, and the Bank, were to be attacked by the Communists on Monday night.

A partial attempt on the Hotel de Ville was said to have been made. Two guard-houses were attacked, but the assailants were beaten off. An attempt to induce the workmen on the Strasburg railroad to join them was made by the Communists, but failed.

It is known that three members of the Government, Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, and Flocon, are not entirely agreed with their coadjutors; and hence the fears produced by the Communist agitation are quickened and kept up. Hitherto all is at peace, and a vigorous resistance is prepared for the Communist anarchists.

At Vienna the nocturnal demonstrations of the citizens have ended happily, and the well-disposed are relieved from the fear of an impending ochlocracy. A placard has been issued by a committee of the students disavowing the recent disturbances, though they admit that some of their body may have taken part in them. They further declare the total disapproval of such demonstrations by the majority of their companions, as unworthy of a free people.

LUCIAN.

OF all the Greek prose-writers whose works have come down to our time, Lucian is the greatest wit; as Aristophanes undoubtedly is the wittiest of the poets. Lucian is precisely the Dean Swift of antiquity: the similarity of genius is most remarkable, and the more so, because these two stand almost alone in the whole range of literature for their peculiar turn of mind and the eccentric tenour of their writings. Like Swift, Lucian is a keen satirist; and especially of philosophy, religion, and the vanity of human pursuits. He was, in fact, an infidel, and composed a great many of the most laughable dialogues and stories, openly ridiculing the characters of popular mythology, and making sport of the heathen gods, the fables about the state of the dead, and especially the various sects of philosophy, the pretensions of which he severely but ably exposes. We must plead guilty to having Lucian frequently in our hands; and we doubt not that many more would do so, were they aware of the great elegance, purity, and fluent facility of his Greek, and the extraordinary brilliancy of his inventive genius.

It is not, perhaps, very generally known, that the *True*

History of Lucian is the original from which the justly popular modern tale of *Baron Munchausen* was borrowed. This story is exceedingly clever and amusing, written, as the author professes, by way of unbending the mind from severer studies, and not, it appears, with any intention of throwing discredit upon the marvellous narratives of Herodotus, as some have thought. The voyage to the moon, the account of its inhabitants and vegetation—the adventures in the whale's belly, when the ship and all the crew were swallowed up by it—the visit to hell, and conversation with Homer and the celebrated characters of ancient history—with a great deal more of the like kind, are described in a manner which is quite captivating to those who can read them in Lucian's beautiful Greek with tolerable facility. We give a specimen of the style and manner of this author, premising that we select it rather for its comparative shortness, than because it is more amusing than the rest. Our readers will bear in mind that Lucian flourished in the second century of the Christian era, and was a native of Samosata, on the Euphrates. He mentions the Christians in his writings, but only incidentally, like Tacitus; and it does not appear that he regarded them in any other light than as professing one of the many forms of superstition prevalent in his day. The tale we shall give, slightly abridged, is called (after Menippus, a Cynic philosopher, and Icarus, who was fabled to have made artificial wings, and perished by falling from the air into the sea)—

Icaro-Menippus; or, the Man in the Clouds.

Menippus [to himself]. So; from the earth to the moon, my first stage, 300 miles;* next above it, to the sun, above 500 leagues; and from thence to heaven, and the royal palace of Jupiter, might be an ascent of about one day for an active eagle.

Friend [tapping him on the shoulder from behind]. In the name of the Graces, my good Menippus, what is all this mensuration and astronomy about? I have been following you for the last half hour, and listening to your strange soliloquies about suns and moons, miles, leagues, and stages.

M. Spare your surprise, friend, at my seeming to talk rather meteorologically and ethereally. The fact is, I was reckoning up the whole distance of my yesterday's expedition.

F. Do you mean, then, to say, that, like the Phœnicians, you directed your course by the stars?

M. By the stars! Not at all. It was in the stars that my course lay.

F. By Hercules, it was a long dream, if you slept a journey of whole leagues.

M. Dream, indeed! I tell you 'twas no dream. I have just returned from Jupiter.

F. What! our worthy Menippus just come down from heaven—a highflyer to Jupiter too!

M. From Jupiter himself, I tell you, and none other. And some very extraordinary things I have seen and heard. If you don't believe them, how delightful to me to think that I have been *incredibly* fortunate!

F. And how, most divine and Olympian Menippus, can I, a poor worm of earth, presume to disbelieve a Man of the Clouds, and (to use Homer's expression) one of the celestials? But tell me, in the name of wonder, how you contrived to get up so high, and whence you procured such a mighty long ladder? for truly, to look at your face, you are not such a beauty as to have been carried up bodily by an eagle, like Ganymede, to be a cup-bearer to Jupiter.

M. You keep joking and bantering me; and indeed, 'tis no great wonder that the strangeness of my narrative seems to you a proof of its fabulousness; but, in truth, I had no need either of a ladder or of Jupiter's partiality for my physiognomy; for I had wings of my own.

F. Why, that beats Dædalus† himself all to nothing! So, besides all these other achievements, from

* This calculation is, of course, a mere joke, to bring the distance within the limits of a flight through the air.

† The father of Icarus, who taught his son to fly with artificial wings.

being a man, you have turned hawk or jackdaw, and kept the change a secret to boot!

M. True, friend. I tried Dædalus' contrivance of the wings myself.

F. And were you not afraid lest you should tumble down into the sea somewhere, and so furnish geographers with a *mare Menippeum* after your own name, like Icarus* before you?

M. Not at all. Icarus was a fool, and fastened his feathers with wax; so that, when it melted in the sun, he fell as a matter of course. I didn't use wax for my pinions.

F. How was it? Really your account seems plausible enough, after all.

M. I caught a full-sized eagle, and also a strong vulture; and cutting off their wings, bone and all—but perhaps I had better tell you the whole affair from the very beginning?

F. By all means. I am all in suspense to hear the recital, and gaping to know the end of it.

M. Well, being thoroughly convinced of the folly, the vanity, and the instability of all human pursuits,—the riches, the honours, the sovereignties,—and concluding that the interest men take in these things precludes the possibility of attending to matters really serious and important, I determined to get a peep into the heavens, and the constitution of the universe itself. But, in attempting this, in the first place, I was puzzled by the very existence of what philosophers call the *universe*; for I could make out neither its beginning, nor its maker, nor its end: in the next place, when I considered its details and component parts, I was even more bewildered. I saw the stars sprinkled at random all over the sky, and I was eager to know what the sun could be made of; especially did the changes and vagaries of the moon appear to me incomprehensible phenomena. Then the lightning, darting across the sky; the thunder, bursting over my head; the rain, the snow, the hail,—all these surpassed my powers of investigation. I therefore resolved to apply to the philosophers to obtain some information about these things; for I had no doubt that *they* could resolve all my difficulties. I selected the most crab-faced, pale-eyed, long-bearded gentry of the profession, judging such to be the deepest proficient in uranology, and put myself under instruction, on payment of a good round sum, and the promise of as much more when I should be turned out of their hands a scientific astronomer. But imagine my disappointment, when I discovered that they were so far from removing my perplexities, that they only perplexed me the more, by their daily doses of mystification about beginnings and ends, atoms and vacuums, matter and mind, and so forth. But the most hopeless part of the business was, that the one differed entirely from the other, and yet all claimed to teach the truth, and to enlist me as an adherent to their respective sects.

F. That is most surprising, that these men, although so wise, should quarrel among themselves, and give different accounts of the very same things.

M. My dear friend, you have no idea of their ludicrous discrepancies—the humbug, the bombast, and the pedantry of their teaching! Men who walk on earth, and are not an inch nearer the sky than their fellows,—who have no keener sight, and in many cases not nearly so keen, by reason of old age, or want of practice,—still pretend to see the limits of heaven, and measure the sun, and walk above the moon, and tell all about the sizes and shapes of the stars, just as if they had but lately tumbled down from them into this sphere; and this, too, when they cannot so much as tell the number of miles from Athens to Megara.

F. Tolerably confident miracle-mongers, according to your description, Menippus.

M. Then, respecting the nature of the Divine Being,—what a host of opinions! Some say, a plurality of gods is all nonsense; there is one God only, the ruler of all things,—an assertion which quite annoyed me, to think that we should have such a poverty of gods as to be reduced to *one*! Others, however, were abundantly liberal, and distributed the deities into classes,—number one, number two, number three, and

* Icarus Icaris nomina fecit aquis.—Ovid.

so on. Then some maintained that God was a spirit, without bodily shape; others, that he had a visible form. Some, too, there were who denied the whole theory of Divine superintendence, and said that the universe was self-directed and self-supported. All which medley of conflicting doctrine made me quite despair of learning any thing like the truth here on earth, and convinced me that the only way left me was to take wing, and somehow or other get up into the sky, to examine matters for myself. As I was saying, therefore, I thought that a vulture's or an eagle's wing—the only birds that I knew of large enough for my purpose—might possibly give me a lift into upper air. So I cut off the right wing of the eagle, and the left of the vulture (of course, I caught the birds first), and then fastened the ends strongly on my shoulders with straps, fixing handles near the tips of the pinions, to insert my fingers. This done, I made a few preliminary experiments in the art of flying; first by jumping up, and waving my wings, and so skimming the earth on tip-toe, like a flock of frightened geese. Well, this answered so completely that I took courage, and ascended the Acropolis, and then threw myself from the cliff right down towards the theatre. As I alighted in perfect safety, I next entertained a more aerial opinion of my powers, and took a flight from the top of Mount Parnes, and Mount Hymettus, and then to Corinth, then to Mount Taygetus, and so on. At length, having become an accomplished highflyer, I no longer felt the timidity of your little chickens, but ascended to the summit of Mount Olympus, and from thence soared right upwards on my journey heavenward, having provided myself with a light and portable stock of provisions, in case of need. For some time I felt giddy from the height; but after a little while I became indifferent to it, and bore it easily enough. When I had come nearly opposite to the moon, far, far away from the clouds beneath me, I began to feel very tired, and particularly in my left vulturine pinion. I therefore steered towards the shining sphere, and sat upon it to rest myself a little. What a fine view I got of the earth—Greece, Persia, India, and all the nations of the world I had left! I was like Zeus in Homer, seated in sovereign majesty, and surveying his dominions from above.

F. Be so obliging, Menippus, as to tell me all and every incident of your journey, that we may leave nothing undescribed. I expect to hear wonderful stories about the shape of the earth, and how the things upon it looked from such a height.

M. You are right, friend; so just step on to the moon with me, and let us take a peep at the world,—in conversation, at least. First of all, fancy you descry a little tiny globe, much smaller than the moon,—so small, indeed, that for some time I was at a loss to conceive what had become of the great mountains and the wide seas upon it. In fact, if I had not caught a glimpse of the Colossus of Rhodes, and the Lighthouse off Egypt, I should have missed seeing it altogether! However, these very prominent objects, and the faint flashing of the ocean in the sun's light, sufficiently proved that what I saw was the earth. And when I had fairly fixed my eyes intently upon it, suddenly the whole scheme of human life expanded to my view! Not only the nations and the cities did I discern, but even individual beings,—some sailing, some fighting, others ploughing, others jangling in courts of law; in fine, women, beasts, and whatever (as Homer has it) "the barley-giving earth nourishes."

F. Very extraordinary, certainly; but also slightly contradictory to your own words. For how is it that you, who just now could hardly descry the earth from its smallness, and who only saw it at last through the Colossus of Rhodes, have suddenly become so lynx-eyed as to discern distinctly every thing upon it—men, creatures, I might almost say, gnats' nests?

M. You have well reminded me. What I ought especially to have mentioned, I somehow or other omitted. When I had made out which was the earth, and could make out nothing more, I was grieved beyond measure that I could not avail myself further of so glorious an opportunity of taking observations. But when I was on the point of crying from sheer vexation, all in an instant, Empedocles, the naturalist, comes behind me

—a queer sort of cindery man, all ashes and burns, and half-roasted, to look at. As soon as I saw him, I confess I was rather alarmed, fancying, of course, that I was beholding some lunar divinity or other. "Fear not, good Menippus," said he;

"No god am I, nor the immortals like,"—

quoting Homer quite pat. "I'm Empedocles, the naturalist. You recollect my jumping into the crater of Etna? Well, no sooner had I done so than the smoke forced me up again; and now I live in the moon, walking on air, for the most part, and feeding on dew. Now I have come to remove your present difficulty. You are vexed, I fancy, at not being able to see the things on the earth distinctly?" "Just so," said I; "and as soon as I have flown down again to Greece, I'll not forget to offer libations to you in the chimney-corner, and pray to the moon three times with mouth wide open every first day of the month, and"—"By Endymion," said he, "I want no return; I only came because I saw you were vexed. Now, do you know what will make you see as keenly as you desire?" "Not at all," said I, "unless you will remove the mist from my eyes, as Homer has it; for now I see quite dimly and darkly." "Well," said he, "you don't require my aid; you have already brought from earth the sharpest-sighted thing in existence." "What's that?" I asked. "Don't you know," quoth he, "that you have an eagle's wing on your back?" "Certainly," said I; "but what has a wing to do with an eye?" "Every thing," said he; "an eagle has by far the keenest sight of all creatures, so that it alone can look at the sun; and to do so without winking is the mark of the highest breed—the king, in fact, of the tribe." "So they say," answered I; "and I regret that when I left earth I did not take out my own eyes, and put two eagle's eyes in their places; for now I am but half equipped, and not royally provided in all respects, but only like plebeian and bastard eagles." "Well," said he, "'tis in your own power to have a royal eye on one side of your face, at all events. Only stand up and flutter a little with the eagle's wing, stopping the vulture's at the same time, and you will see clearly with the eye that corresponds to the active wing; for surely the other, belonging to the inferior half, must be more blunt and dull." "I shall be content," said I, "if my right eye alone sees as keenly as an eagle; for I have seen many a carpenter using only one eye, and testing the accurate straightness of a plank all the better for having the other closed."

Having said this, I did as Empedocles advised me. Whereupon he dissolved gradually into smoke. No sooner had I flapped my right wing a few times than a bright light seemed to come over me, and what was before indistinct now became clearly visible. So I stooped down, and took a long gaze at the earth, and saw all the cities, the inhabitants, and their doings. Nay (wonderful to relate), I perceived not only what took place in the open air, but also the most secret transactions in the interior of the houses! But why should I tell you whom I saw, and their various pursuits? Some were making love, others house-breaking, others begging, others lending, others at law. There was Agathocles, the Stoic philosopher, bringing an action against his pupil to recover his fees; Clinias, the advocate, stealing a golden cup from the shrine of Æsculapius: altogether it was a spectacle of manifold and diverse interest, I can promise you.

F. And how large did the men and the cities seem to you, Menippus?

M. You have often seen, I presume, a community of ants, some rolling about, some going forth, others returning to their settlement; one perhaps is removing dirt, another has caught up a bit of bean-shell or half-grain of wheat, and is carrying it bodily away. And 'tis likely that the analogy holds with men. They too have their workmen, their assemblies, and their diverse pursuits, precisely in the same manner. However, when I had satisfied myself with looking, and had had a good laugh at the vanity of human affairs, I gave myself a shake, and took flight upwards again (as Homer says)

"To Jove's bright mansion, and the gods supreme."

Scarcely had I ascended a furlong, when the Moon called out to me, in a feminine voice, "Menippus," says she, "good luck to ye; do me a little service, and carry a message to his Majesty." "Certainly, ma'am," says I; "no trouble at all, if only there is nothing heavier than words to carry." "Only a trifle of a petition," says she, "to Jupiter: the fact is, sir, I am wearied out with hearing those philosophers talk so much stuff about me. One would think they had nothing on earth to do but to busy themselves with me, who I am, and how big, and why I take a crescent shape; others declare that I'm inhabited, others say I'm a mighty great looking-glass hung over the sea; and others make of me just whatever their own fancies conceive. Some, indeed, have the impudence to affirm that my light is stolen, and borrowed from the sun above, and so never cease to foment enmity between me and my respectable brother: as if it was not enough to have asserted (bad luck to them!) that *he* is a stone and a mass of red-hot matter! Yet I can tell them I know a secret or two about their mighty doings, though they put on such solemn faces in the day-time. And though I keep all these things to myself, and generally draw a cloud over my countenance when they happen, still the ungrateful fellows keep tearing me to pieces with their disputes, so that many and many a time, by the shades of Night! I have thought seriously of removing higher up in the sky, so as to escape their meddling tongues. Remember, therefore, to tell all this to Jupiter; and add, that I cannot possibly stay where I am, if he does not annihilate this impious crew, Stoics, Academics, Peripatetics, and all, with his thunder and lightning. For then one *may* hope for a little respite from being daily measured and mathematicised." "Certainly," said I, "I'll be sure to tell him;" and so I flew upwards in a slanting direction towards heaven.

"Then vanished all the works of beasts and men,"

as Homer has it; for in a little while the moon appeared very small, and I quite lost sight of the earth. Keeping the sun on my right hand, I flew for three days through the middle of the stars, and at last reached the very gates of heaven. My first impulse was to pass in at once; for I thought that, half eagle as I was, I should easily escape detection, since the eagle had always been the associate and familiar of Jove. However, on second thoughts, I feared that my vulture's wing would betray me; so, judging it best to run no risks, I went up to the portal and knocked. The wicket was opened by Mercury, who inquired my name, and went off to announce it to Jove. After a short interval I was summoned into the presence; and very nervous I felt, I can assure you. Well, I found all the gods and goddesses sitting together, and evidently taken a little by surprise at my very unexpected intrusion. In fact, they fancied all the mortal men in the world were coming in a body to invade heaven in borrowed plumes! His Majesty gave a cross look at me, as if I were some ugly Titan, and then said (quoting our friend of the *Iliad*):

"Who art thou, man; what town and parents thine?"

I almost died of fear to hear his voice! Still I kept my legs, and my tongue too; for not a syllable could I utter, being quite thunderstruck at the awful sounds. But I soon recovered myself, and told him all my story from the very beginning;—how I wished to know the mechanism of the heavens, how I applied to the philosophers, how I heard them contradicting each other in their accounts, how I was wearied out by being dragged from this opinion to that; then my contrivance of the wings, and all my adventures, right up to heaven itself; and lastly, I added the message entrusted to me by the moon. Upon which his Majesty smiled, and drew up his eyebrows. "Talk to me of giants," said he; "why, here is Menippus, who has been bold enough to climb up to heaven! To-day," added he, "you dine with us. To-morrow for business; and then we will send you back again to earth." Saying this, he walked away towards that part of heaven which was best for hearing, for it was time to listen to the prayers. As he proceeded, he questioned me about the affairs of the world below: what was the price of corn in Greece when I left it, and whether last winter was

very severe with us, and whether the cabbages wanted any more rain; and so on. Then he asked about a few political matters. "Tell me now," said he, quite familiarly, "my good Menippus, what mortals think of me?" "How should they think," said I, "please your Majesty, but most loyally, religiously, and omnipotentially?" "Fiddle!" said he. "I know their love of novelty, if you do not tell it me. Time was when they thought me a prophet and a physician, and all-in-all,—

'Of mighty Jove the streets were full,
Full the assembled multitudes of men,'

as the poet says. Nay, Dodona, and Pisa, and all my oracles and temples, whatsoever and wheresoever, were celebrated and conspicuous; nor was it possible for me to look up from the smoke of the sacrifices! But ever since Apollo set up his oracle at Delphi, and the other gods obtained celebrity in other localities, all run off to them, and offer them hecatombs, and keep their festivals, while they think they sufficiently honour me if they pay me a sacrifice at Olympia once in five years. I'm grown old; my day is past. My altars are colder than

—'Plato's 'Laws' or Chrysippus' 'Syllogisms.'"

Talking thus, we arrived at the spot where his Majesty was to take his seat, and listen to the prayers which ascended to him from below. There were a number of apertures, placed in a row, something like the mouths of so many caves, each with a cover clapped upon it, and a golden seat placed close by. So, taking the first seat, and pulling off the cover from the hole, he lent his ear to the petitioners. Varied and manifold were the prayers that rose from earth; for I stooped down at the same time, and listened along with him. "O Jupiter!" says one, "grant me sovereignty!" "Good Jupiter!" cries another, "may my leeks and onions produce a good crop!" "Oh, ye gods!" exclaims a third, "be pleased to kill off my old father quickly!" Then those on the sea begged for particular winds; one the north, another the south. The husbandman wanted rain, but the fuller wished for sun; and so on in every conceivable contrariety. His Majesty listened patiently, and weighed every petition impartially: not granting, indeed, every request,

'But one thing gave, another he refused.'

For the just and right prayers he permitted to pass up through the hole, and laid them in a heap on his right hand; but the wicked ones he turned back again unaccomplished, blowing them down that they might not even approach to heaven. At one particular prayer I observed he was perplexed; for two men petitioning for opposite things, and offering equal sacrifices, he could not make up his mind which he should oblige,* but was exactly in the plight of the Academics, who profess to declare nothing. Well, having got through with the prayers, he went to the next chair, and listened to oaths; and then (having consumed with lightning Hermodorus, the Pythagorean, for perjury) he took a turn upon the third, for omens and supernatural warnings. Lastly, he took his post by the aperture through which smoke ascends from sacrifices, and so reports to his Majesty the name of each one who offers them. This also being finished, he gave a few commands to the winds and the seasons; such as, "Let it rain to-day in Seythia;" "Let it lighten in Libya;" "Let it snow in Greece;" "You, north wind, go and blow in Lydia;" "You, south wind, keep yourself quiet;" "Let the west wind make a stir in the Hadriatic;" "Let about two thousand bushels of hail fall in Cappadocia."

Business concluded, we returned to dinner. It was quite ready; and Mercury placed me next to Pan, and the Corybants, Attes, and Sabazius, those new-comers and half-and-half gods. Ceres provided us with bread, Bacchus with wine, Hercules with meat, Venus with myrtles, Neptune with herrings. Ambrosia and nectar I tasted and sipped at my leisure; for that worthy fellow Ganymede, from respect to the human kind, whenever he saw Jupiter looking off, came and poured out for me a glass or two of nectar. For the gods, as Homer

* The notion of the result of Providence is here satirised, and the idea of mortals obtaining favours from heaven by promises and offerings.

records of them (I suppose having been favoured with a sight like myself), neither eat bread nor drink ruddy wine, but have ambrosia served up to them, and get tipsy on nectar; but especially they grow fat with sniffing the sacrificial smoke, which ever ascends in curling wreaths to their celestial nostrils, and with drinking the blood which they pour upon the altars when victims are offered. During dinner Apollo gave us a tune on his lyre, and Silenus danced a hornpipe, and the Muses stood up and sang verses from Hesiod's *Theogony*, and the first ode of Pindar. When we were all weary with the entertainment, we retired to rest, a little inspired, as I may politely express it.

"The other gods and helmet-plumed men
Slept through the night, but me no sleep oppressed;"

for my head was full of queer thoughts and inquiries, as, why Apollo has lived so long, and yet has no beard? why there is night in heaven, though the sun is there and dines with them every day? However, I got a little repose; and in the morning I found an assembly convened for business. "My lords and ladies," said Jupiter, "the arrival of our friend here has been the occasion of the present meeting. I have long wished to say a few words to you about the philosophers, and now especially I have been impelled, by the complaints of the moon, to lay the matter before you. I say, they are a race of frothy, idle, quarrelsome, empty-headed, petulant, inquisitive, stolid, blinded, insolent fellows; and (to use Homer's expression) 'a vain burden of the soil.' Their sects are as diverse as their doctrines; they despise their fellow-men, and speak scandal about the gods; they recommend poverty and temperance to their pupils, but do not practise those virtues themselves. So completely have they perverted all piety and reverence, that you will all perish of hunger if you do not stop them; for who will sacrifice to you unless he expects to get something by it? You heard the charges of the Moon against them; now, therefore, consider the best course to pursue, and the safest, both for yourselves and mankind."

When Jupiter had ceased, the whole assembly immediately cried out: "Thunder, lightning, destruction, annihilation, hell, and vengeance!" "Silence! my lords and ladies," says Jupiter: "they shall all be swept from the face of the earth, though, unfortunately, I couldn't do it just now, for it's a holyday-time. Only wait till next spring, and you shall see."—

"He said, and nodded with a darkling brow."

"But touching friend Menippus," says he, "I determine thus. We will strip him of his plumes, so that he may not come up to heaven again, and Mercury shall take him and carry him back to earth." So saying, he dissolved the assembly. Mercury seized me by the right ear, and set me down last night safe in the suburbs of Attica. You have now heard, my friend, all the news from the upper world. Now I must go and tell the tale to my brethren of the Peripatetic school in the Portico. Q.

Poetry.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

THE storm is raging far and wide,
The lightning darts from side to side;
From realm to realm the tempest flies,
O'er murky seas and flashing skies.
In wild turmoil it spreads, it gains
The mountain heights, the boundless plains;
To some the curse of discord flings,
To some the dawn of freedom brings.
It comes, it comes! the die is cast,
And death and madness swell the blast;
A maniac crew, a drifting bark,
Are borne o'er rapids deep and dark.
It comes, it comes! and chains are broke,
And snapped in twain the captive's yoke;
It comes, it comes! a bursting cry
Of joy and hope assails the sky;
It lays fair fields and forests low,
But scatters seed that yet shall grow;

* Apollo was god of the sun.

It sweeps all sand-built towers away,
But bathes the rocks with glorious spray.
"Now God his great assizes holds,"
And judgment's sternest page unfolds.
Now, men and nations, take your stand,
And plead your cause, for God's right hand
Uplifts the scales, the balance weighs,
Awards your fate, and counts your days.
Mark well your bulwarks; ask your souls,
If there you read no fiery scrolls;
While long tried flood-gates fail around,
Guard well your footsteps, scan your ground;
In silence, ere earth's final shock,
Cleave to the one unshaken Rock,
Round which, though shattered worlds give way,
The baffled billows vainly play.

Reviews.

The Military Life of John Duke of Marlborough. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S., author of the "History of Europe." 8vo. Edinburgh, Blackwoods.

It is said that when Napoleon was crossing the Niemen to commence the Russian campaign, he was heard to hum the well-known air, *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*. Perhaps it would be an excess of refinement in the scrutiny of his character to draw an inference from an action so light and trivial as this; but if it could be taken as furnishing a clue to the train of thought which ran through his plotting mind in this the most momentous as well as the most daring step of his adventurous career, it would afford a very unequivocal evidence of the estimate which he had formed of the genius and enterprise of the great English General.

It is not a little curious, indeed, that the military talents of Marlborough should have ranked more highly upon the continent than at home, at least if we may judge from external indications of public opinion. It is well observed by Mr. Alison, that, beyond a general recollection of the glories of Ramillies and Blenheim, of Malplaquet and Oudenarde, the history of Marlborough has left scarce a trace upon the public mind in England; and that the little which is popularly known is derived chiefly, if not exclusively, from the historians of hostile nations—of the French, who felt the edge of his flaming sword, and saw the glories of the Grande Monarque torn from the long-triumphant brow of Louis XIV.; of the Dutch, who found in his conquering arm the stay of their sinking republic, and their salvation from slavery and persecution; and of the Germans, who beheld the flames of the Palatinate avenged by his resistless power, and the ravages of war rolled back from the Rhine into the territory of the state which had provoked them.

This seeming indifference may perhaps be explained in part by the factious and malignant hostility which, as it followed Marlborough through life, did not cease, till the generation of his political antagonists was extinct, to persecute his memory after death; but it is mainly attributable, we incline to believe, to the nature of the war in which he was engaged, and to an absence of all national (and especially of all popular) interest in the principal causes to which his sword was devoted. Few of Marlborough's campaigns possessed domestic interest for England beyond the mere circumstance that the lives of English soldiers, and the glory of English arms, were involved in the issue; they were all purely of continental origin; and the most important of them all, the War of the Succession, whose object—the maintenance of the "balance of power" in Europe—however attractive to diplomatists and politicians, is little better than a vague generality in the eyes of common men, has left so few traces upon the public memory, that we doubt very much, if we had not Blenheim House as a monument of national gratitude, and if the still more familiar memorial preserved in the name of the Blenheim spaniel did not subsist to stimulate or revive these faded recollections, whether the successes of this great modern commander would not have sunk as completely into mere historical abstractions, as the struggles of the Norman Conquest, or the wars of the Roses.

And hence it is that Marlborough's history has been written quite as much as that of a statesman and politician as of a great military commander. His name and

his reputation are mixed up with that of his celebrated wife, as much as with that of Prince Eugene and his other brave colleagues in arms; and his biographers have given as much importance to the court intrigues and political struggles in which he was engaged, and to which he was sacrificed, as to the battles which he fought, or the armaments which his master mind directed.

The want of a military history of Marlborough, therefore, was long felt. The publication of his Letters and Despatches went some way towards supplying this want, and, at all events, furnished materials for such a history; and Mr. Alison, in the volume before us, has proposed to elaborate these materials into a popular narrative of his military life. We must confess to a considerable feeling of disappointment in the perusal. The work, it is true, is full of most interesting details, of vivid and graphic descriptions, of brilliant pictures, of exciting narratives, of elaborate sketches of character; but it is wanting in unity of purpose and continuity of design. It is rather a collection of essays on the military life of Marlborough, than a regular and well-digested history of his life; and though each and every one of the epochs into which it is divided is in itself well and interestingly treated, yet there is a want of connexion between them, which deprives the work, as a whole, of more than half its effect.

Perhaps, indeed, this is a necessary consequence of the form in which it was originally cast. It is a reproduction, with certain modifications, of a series of papers on the Letters and Despatches of Marlborough, drawn up and published in Blackwood's Magazine, soon after the first publication of these important documents. It is not unnatural, therefore, that each scene should, to a certain extent, possess an isolated and independent character, which, though it may not interfere with that vague and general continuity which suffices for such a series, is, nevertheless, fatal to the unity which is required for a full and harmonious elucidation of a historical subject.

We shall avail ourselves of this comparatively unconnected character, and abstain from any attempt at compressing into the brief space at our disposal a regular sketch of the military career of Marlborough. Written chiefly with a view to professional readers, or to young aspirants to the military profession, and abounding with technical details of tactics and manœuvres, and all the minutiae of military plans and arrangements, its interest for the general reader is far less than would be expected in so adventurous a life. One of its greatest attractions will be found to consist in parallelisms between the career of Marlborough and that of the distinguished commanders of his own and of later times with which it abounds. Mr. Alison's previous historical studies had prepared him for this view of the subject; and in many of these comparative sketches he has been eminently successful. We may instance the following account of Marlborough's (then Churchill) desertion of James II. to attach himself to William:

"But Churchill did not do this, and thence has arisen an ineffaceable blot on his memory. He did not relinquish the service of the infatuated monarch; he retained his office and commands, but he employed the influence and authority thence derived, to ruin his benefactor. Information was sent to James, that he was not to be trusted; but so far were those representations from having inspired any doubts of his fidelity, that that deluded monarch, when the Prince of Orange landed, confided to him the command of a corps of five thousand men destined to oppose his progress, and raised him to the rank of Lieutenant-general. He led this force in person as far as Salisbury to meet William, who was advancing through Devonshire. And yet he had before that written to William a letter, still extant, in which he expressed entire devotion to his cause. Nay, he at this time, if we may believe his panegyrist Ledyard, signed a letter, along with several other peers, addressed to the Prince of Orange, inviting him to come over, and had actually concluded with Major-general Kirk, who commanded at Axminster, a convention, for the seizure of the king and giving him up to his hostile son-in-law. James was secretly warned that Churchill was about to betray him, but he refused to believe it of one from whom he had hitherto experienced such devotion, and was only awakened from his dream of security by learning that his favourite had gone over, with the Duke of Grafton and the

principal officers of his regiment, to the Prince of Orange. Not content with this, he shortly after employed his influence with his own regiment, and others stationed near London, to induce them to desert James and join the invading candidate for the throne. Nay, it was his arguments, joined to those of his wife, which induced James's own daughter, the Princess Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, to detach themselves from the cause of the falling monarch; and drew from that unhappy sovereign the mournful exclamation, 'My God! my very children have forsaken me.' Thus his example was the signal for a general defection, not only of those who were openly hostile to James, but even of those who were connected with him by blood.

"In what does this conduct differ from that of Labedoyère, who, at the head of the garrison of Grenoble, deserted to Napoleon when sent out to oppose him?—or Lavalette, who employed his influence, as postmaster under Louis XVIII., to forward the Imperial conspiracy?—or Marshal Ney, who, after promising at the Tuileries to bring the ex-emperor back in an iron cage, no sooner reached the royal camp at Melun, than he issued a proclamation calling on the troops to desert the Bourbons, and mount the tricolor cockade? Nay, is not Churchill's conduct, in a moral point of view, worse than that of Ney? for the latter abandoned the trust reposed in him by a new master, forced upon an unwilling nation, to rejoin his old benefactor and companion in arms; but the former betrayed the trust reposed in him by his old master and tried benefactor, to range himself under the banner of a competitor for the throne, to whom he was bound neither by duty nor obligation. And yet, such is often the inequality of crimes and punishments in this world, that Churchill was raised to the pinnacle of greatness by the very conduct which consigned Ney, with justice, so far as his conduct is concerned, to an ignominious death.

"Treason ne'er prospers; for when it does,
None dare call it treason."

The most interesting portions of Mr. Alison's book, as we said, are his sketches of the great military commanders of modern times. Here is his Charles XII. of Sweden:

"This extraordinary man approached closer than any warrior of modern times to the great men of antiquity. More nearly than even Napoleon, he realised the heroes of Plutarch. A Stoic in pacific, he was a Caesar in military life. He had all their virtues, and a considerable share of their barbarism. Achilles did not surpass him in the thirst for warlike renown, nor Hannibal in the perseverance of his character and the fruitfulness of his resources; like Alexander, he would have wept because a world did not remain to conquer. Almost unconquerable by fatigue, resolute in determination, and a lion in heart, he knew no fear but that of his glory being tarnished. Endowed by nature with a dauntless soul, a constitution of iron, he was capable of undergoing a greater amount of exertion than any of his soldiers. At the siege of Stralsund, when some of his officers were sinking under the exhaustion of protracted watching, he desired them to retire to rest, and himself took their place. Outstripping his followers in speed, at one time he rode across Germany, almost alone, in an incredibly short space of time: at another, he defended himself for days together, at the head of a handful of attendants, in a barricaded house, against twenty thousand Turks. Wrapt up in the passion for fame, he was insensible to the inferior desires which usually rouse or mislead mankind. Wine had no attractions, women no seductions for him: he was indifferent to personal comforts or accommodations; his fare was as simple, his dress as plain, his lodging as rude, as those of the meanest of his followers. To one end alone his attention was exclusively directed, on one acquisition alone his heart was set. Glory, military glory, was the ceaseless object of his ambition; all lesser desires were concentrated in this ruling passion; for this he lived, for this he died.

"That his military abilities were of the very highest order, may be judged of by the fact that, with the resources of the poor monarchy of Sweden, at that period containing less than two millions of inhabitants, he long arrested the efforts of a coalition composed of Russia, Denmark, and Poland, headed by the vast capacity and persevering energy of Peter the Great, and backed by not less than forty millions of subjects under its various sovereigns. Nor let it be said that these nations were rude in the military art, and unfit to contend in the field with the descendants of the followers of Gustavus Adolphus. The Danes are the near neighbours and old enemies of the Swedes; their equals in population, discipline, and warlike resources. Thirty years had not elapsed since the Poles had delivered Europe from Mussulman bondage by the glorious victory of Vienna, gained under John Sobieski, over two hundred thousand Turks. Europe has since had too much reason to know what are the military resources of Russia, against which all the power of Western Europe, in recent times, has been so signally shattered; and though the soldiers of Peter the Great were very

different, in point of discipline, from those that repelled the legions of Napoleon, yet their native courage was the same, and they were directed by an energy and perseverance, on the part of the Czar, which never has been exceeded in warlike annals. What, then, must have been the capacity of the sovereign who, with the resources of a monarchy not equalling those of Scotland at this time, could gain such extraordinary success over so powerful a coalition, from the mere force of military ability, indefatigable energy, and heroic determination!

"Charles, however, had many faults. He was proud, overbearing, and self-willed. Like all men of powerful original genius, he was confident in his own opinion, and took counsel from none; but, unfortunately, he often forgot also to take counsel from himself. He did not always weigh the objections against his designs with sufficient calmness to give them fair play, or allow his heroic followers a practical opportunity of crowning his enterprises with success. He had so often succeeded against desperate, and apparently hopeless, odds, that he thought himself invincible, and rushed headlong into the most dreadful perils, with no other preparation to ward them off but his own calmness in danger, his inexhaustible fecundity of resources, and the undaunted courage, as well as patience of fatigue and privation, with which he had inspired his followers. It is surprising, however, how often he was extricated from his difficulties by such means. Even in his last expedition against Russia, which terminated in the disaster of Pultowa, he would, to all appearance, have been successful, had the Tartar chief, Mazeppa, proved faithful to his engagement. Like Hannibal, his heroic qualities had inspired a multifarious army—*colluvies omnium gentium*—with one homogeneous spirit, and rendered them subject to his discipline, faithful to his standard, obedient to his will. But in some particulars his private character was still more exceptionable, for it was stained by the vices as well as adorned with the virtues of the savage character. Though not habitually cruel, he was stern, vindictive, and implacable; and his government was sullied by acts of atrocious barbarity at which humanity shudders, and which must ever leave an indelible blot on his memory."

The sketch of Peter the Great is less graphic, and descends much less into detail.

"Peter the Great, who gained this astonishing and decisive success, was one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the theatre of public affairs. He was nothing by halves. For good or for evil he was gigantic. Vigour seems to have been the great characteristic of his mind; but it was often fearfully disfigured by passion, and he was not unfrequently misled by the example of more advanced states. To elevate Russia to an exalted place among nations, and give her the influence which her vast extent and physical resources seemed to put within her reach, was, throughout life, the great object of his ambition; and he succeeded in it to an extent which naturally acquired for him the unbounded admiration of mankind. His overthrow of the Strelitzes, long the Prætorian guards and terror of the czars of Muscovy, was effected with a vigour and stained by a cruelty similar to that with which Sultan Mahommed, a century after, destroyed the Janissaries at Constantinople. The sight of a young and despotic sovereign leaving the glittering toys and real enjoyments of royalty to labour in the dock-yards of Saardem with his own hands, and instruct his subjects in ship-building by first teaching himself, was too striking and remarkable not to excite universal attention. And when the result of this was seen,—when the Czar was found introducing among his subjects the military discipline, naval architecture, nautical skill, as well as other arts and warlike institutions of Europe, and in consequence long resisting and at length destroying the mighty conqueror who had so long been the terror of Northern Europe, the astonishment of men knew no bounds. He was celebrated as at once the Solon and Scipio of modern times; and literary servility, vying with great and disinterested admiration, extolled him as one of the greatest heroes and benefactors of his species who had ever appeared among men."

The character of Prince Eugene, however, is of more importance, as bearing more directly on that of the subject of this biography.

"He had none of the methodical prudence of Turenne, Marlborough, or Villars. His genius was entirely different; it was more akin to that of Napoleon, when he was reduced to counterbalance inferiority of numbers by superiority of skill. The immortal campaigns of 1796 in Italy, and of 1814 in Champagne, bear a strong resemblance to those of Eugene. Like the French Emperor, his strokes were rapid and forcible; his *coup-d'œil* was at once quick and just; his activity indefatigable; his courage undaunted; his resources equal to any undertaking. He did not lay much stress on previous arrangements, and seldom attempted the extensive combinations which enabled Marlborough to command success; but dashed fearlessly on,

trusting to his own resources to extricate him out of any difficulty—to his genius, in any circumstances, to command victory.

"Yet was this daring disposition not without peril. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of less capacity, would unquestionably have proved so. But in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigour with which he extricated himself from the toils: and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost. He was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his successes; but he was still more lavish of his own, and never failed to share the hardships and dangers of the meanest of his followers. Engaged during his active life in thirteen pitched battles, in all he fought like a common soldier. He was in consequence repeatedly, sometimes dangerously, wounded; and it was extraordinary that he escaped the reiterated perils to which he was exposed. He raised the Austrian monarchy by his triumphs to the very highest pitch of glory, and finally broke the power of the Turks, the most persevering and not the least formidable of its enemies. But the enterprises which his genius prompted the Cabinet of Vienna to undertake, were beyond the strength of the hereditary states; and for nearly a century after, it accomplished nothing worthy either of its growing resources, or of the military renown which he had achieved for it."

We would gladly make room for the sketch which Mr. Alison gives of the military history of Frederick of Prussia; but we must be content with the summary of his characteristics as a general, with which it concludes:

"No laboured character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals,—if Hannibal be excepted, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful: on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that even a respite in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He had no parliament or coalition to consider, no adverse faction was on the watch to convert casual disaster into the means of ruin. He was at liberty to take counsel only from his own heroic breast. He could protract the struggle, however, by no other means but strong and vigorous strokes, and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without the risk of receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skilful use of an interior line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous course; and none had ever greater magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times."

There is great vigour, and considerable originality, in the parallel of his career with that of Napoleon:

"The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is Napoleon. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no resemblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube at the head of one hundred and eighty thousand men, invading Russia with five hundred thousand, or overrunning Spain with three hundred thousand, and Frederick the Great, with thirty thousand or forty thousand, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy in 1796, in Saxony in 1813, and in the plain of Champagne in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack, to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an interior line of communication. His immortal campaign in France in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with seventy thousand men against two hundred and fifty thousand enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the Coalition. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and

preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonoured throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different: the one transmitted an honoured and aggrandised throne to his successors; the other, overthrown and discredited, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit: the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment or fate of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendour of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds, as a general, were more extraordinary than those of the French emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six."

We wish it were possible to make room for one other parallel, that of Marlborough and Wellington. The reader will anticipate Mr. Alison's verdict; but the sketch is so elaborate, and so comprehensive, that it will well repay perusal. We can only venture on one or two passages.

"If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—Wellington. Their political and military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of a coalition, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing the jealousies and stifling the selfishness of these nations; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation; which ever frets at the cost of wars that its political position renders unavoidable, or that in its ambitious spirit it had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any further demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged was waged against the inclination, and, in appearance at least, against the interests, of a large and powerful party at home, who sympathised from political feeling with their enemies, and were ready to decry every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own countrymen. The Tories were to Marlborough precisely what the Whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over those of the adjoining states, had come to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and against whom there had at last been formed a general coalition, to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

"But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars, not less material, their situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties in the field to struggle with approaching those which beset Wellington. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch government, his force was generally almost equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly of a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any further or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbours. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea at the very first encounter. * * *

"Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity

under which both laboured of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough; and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy than his great predecessor. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812; the actions before Bayonne in 1813; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise: he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were at least equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them but from necessity, or when encouraged by a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington, in seven, fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious."

But we have already exceeded our limits, and we must abstain from further extracts. As the interest of the work lies chiefly in its military details, we have avoided altogether the political history with which it is interwoven. It is coloured, we need hardly say, by the same political views which characterise Mr. Alison's *History of Europe*. We should not omit to add, that a chapter was added on the Treaty of Utrecht, with a view to the illustration of the questions lately raised in the discussion of the Montpensier marriage. The recent changes in French affairs, however, have gone far to deprive it of all the practical interest with which it was previously invested by the supposed policy of Louis Philippe in the arrangement of this ill-starred alliance.

Histoire de Saint Thomas d'Aquin, de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs. Par M. l'Abbé Bareille. Paris, Sagnier et Bray.

THE work, the title of which is here prefixed, will be read with pleasure, not only from the interest inseparable from the life of the great Saint which it records, but as the work of an evidently amiable and pious man. The Abbé Bareille wants for neither love nor admiration of the Angelic Doctor. Not only does he fully appreciate and reverence the saintly character in him, but we could not desire stronger expressions of admiration of the intellectual greatness of one in reference to whom the strongest could hardly appear exaggerated. Neither does he fail of perceiving and noting that it was a great and sublime work which Saint Thomas was called to execute; that he was, as it were, the culminating point in that great intellectual movement which filled the mind of Europe in the thirteenth century. He perceives also and notes the nature of that great work—the reconciliation of philosophy with theology, or rather, to state things more correctly (since the truths which reason presents to the mind can never really be at variance with the doctrines of religion), the demonstration of their agreement.

What is it, then, that we seem to desiderate in M. Bareille's otherwise pleasing and edifying volume? Why do we lay it down with a feeling of dissatisfaction, a sensation (to use somewhat of a homely illustration) of discomfort similar to that which is consequent on an abundant yet somewhat unsubstantial meal? We seem to have been filled, not nourished. Is it because 446 pages are insufficient to do justice to one whose claims on our admiration as a philosopher are only equalled by his title to our highest veneration as a Saint? Surely not: the merest abridgment will sometimes, by its bold outline and well-chosen though scanty touches of detail, convey a most distinct and satisfactory picture to the mind; besides which, we should not naturally reproach an author with that which the limits he has prescribed to himself force upon him. We do not look for that in ten pages which we might find in twenty, and so on; yet there is one thing we should look for equally in

both, and that is, a vivid, distinct, and definite image, and this we think is what the Abbé Bareille has failed to convey. It is not sufficient to tell us in terms of the highest admiration and eulogy that St. Thomas achieved a great work; that on such an occasion he confuted error; that on such another he established some great principle, or cleared up some tremendous difficulty. We are not satisfied to read that "clouds dispersed before him, difficulties disappeared" (p. 266); or, on another occasion, that he wrote a treatise "embracing the refutation of all the errors circulating in that quarter of the world" (the East). We are not contented to know that the Saint and philosopher undertook to "make Aristotle the docile herald of revelation, and his philosophy the handmaid of religion;" that, in order to do so, he "enlarged the frame of the thoughts of the Peripatetic, in order to make it comprehend the complete system of religion" (p. 314); in fine, that he "embraced with a commanding eye the double aspect of creation; that from this height he plunged down upon the divine work agitating itself at his feet" (p. xxxvi). Without expecting in a biographical sketch a full analysis of St. Thomas's writings, or a deep examination of the errors he had to combat, which would, of course, be unreasonable, we do expect in a life, which the author himself states to have been "an abstract life, of which the only events may be said to have been ideas" (p. viii), to have some clear notion given us what was the nature of the great danger which menaced the faith of Christendom at that time, and how and with what weapons St. Thomas fought and overcame it. We desire a little insight into these things, and should infinitely prefer it to a pompous eulogium. Now we think M. Bareille has given us too much of the latter and too little of the former.

The twelfth century, which opened so brilliantly upon Christian Europe, was not to close without having presented a less cheering prospect. The Cross of Christ retreating from the East, the Holy City lost, the Mussulman power more threatening than ever—such was the prospect without; while within, a deadly evil was at work, and producing its bitter fruits. The relaxation of discipline and the growth of luxury among the clergy, the prevalence of simony and of secular patronage, causing the highest dignities of the Church to fall into the hands of the unworthy or the lukewarm, were working their natural effect; and, where positive corruption of manners did not prevail, a low standard of the duties of the Apostolate was becoming prevalent. As a distinguished writer and preacher of the present day* has so well expressed it: "Where progress ceases, decay and death begin. The conservative system, sufficient for the common run of minds, is incapable of retaining certain ardent souls; they escape from the bands of an obedience which does not urge them forwards, as soldiers weary in a fortified camp whence they are never led against the foe. These souls, at first isolated, collect in the shade; they create for themselves at hazard the activity which they require; till one day, when they believe themselves to be sufficiently strong against the Church, they teach her, by a sudden irruption, that truth here below governs only at the price of making perpetual conquests." The heresy of Valdo, bearing that eminently practical character which has generally distinguished heresy of Western origin, broke out; while one which took its rise in the East, and had been smouldering in obscurity from the earliest times, invaded a large part of Europe, but principally displayed its malignant character, and fixed deep roots, among the luxurious and corrupt population of Languedoc and Provence. The Church's armoury is ever old and ever new. Her weapon is the Apostolate going forth to teach. Since the day that her Lord said to the Twelve, "Go ye and teach all nations," she has had (as has been well observed and drawn out by the same eminent writer before quoted) this distinctive character of a teaching Church, teaching in a two-fold way, by example and by word—the preaching of morals and the preaching of instruction. "Carry neither staff, nor scrip, nor purse, and let him who is greatest among you be as him that serveth;" here was the commission for the preaching of morals: "Go ye and teach all nations;" here was the commission of the teaching of the word: and in days of de-

* Lacordaire, *Life of St. Dominic*, pp. 133, 134.

clension, and when fervour requires to be rekindled in the hearts of her children, the Church can only, as it were, reproduce anew from her bosom the apostolic spirit, and an apostolic band of men. This is the secret of the birth of every religious order. It was pre-eminently exemplified on the present occasion, when the world was corrupting the Church with her double cup of luxury and error; then came forth to save her that holy lover of poverty, St. Francis, and that undaunted preacher of truth, St. Dominic. The folly of love, that excess which the world calls madness, and the foolishness of preaching, that highest wisdom which the world calls folly, are the salvation of mankind. They are the manifestation of God, who is love and light, and nearest to whose throne, and therefore displaying most of his glory, stand the angels of love and of light, the seraphim and cherubim. Surely these two holy champions of the Church, Francis and Dominic, fitly symbolise on earth those exalted hierarchies of heaven.

But it is of St. Dominic that we would wish at present to speak. His order seems to have been especially charged by Providence with the ministry of light, and raised up to combat error. And it was not alone the Albigensian heresy, that late form of Manicheism, which threatened the Church, but there was another and more insidious evil, poisoning the very seats of learning and corrupting the fountains of knowledge. The spirit of error, through the influence of Aristotle's Logic, the text-book of philosophy in the schools, was eating into the vitals of faith, by arming the reason against it. The beginning of the thirteenth century was marked also by the inroads of a wide-spreading Pantheism, which seems to have taken its rise, as well as the particular heresy known as the Albigensian, in the East. The Universities became infected with it, and the evil was added to, and fresh fuel supplied, by the introduction of the commentary of Averrhoes on Aristotle. It may seem strange, that the wild notion of the Arabian, that mankind possessed but one common intellect, should find such ready and fatal acceptance among many of the deepest thinkers of the day; but so it was, that the idea came at a moment when it appeared to solve a difficulty which had been distracting the schoolmen for some time. Most of our readers have probably heard of the disputes of the Nominalists, the Realists, and the Conceptualists; we have no intention of entering upon a detail of their opinions; it will be sufficient to remark, that the difficulty mainly consisted in ascertaining how the mind became acquainted with the reality or objectivity of the outward world, while she is herself only really cognisant of her own sensations. The Nominalist met the difficulty by denying that the mind ever obtained any real idea of any thing external to herself, but used general words merely as a convenient mode of expression, by which, in fact, she only meant to describe the impressions made on her senses, and not any objects with which they were cognisant. The Realist, on the other hand, asserted that the ideas were in the mind alone, and that the senses conveyed no real information to it, but merely, as it were, served to point its attention to what it already knew by intuition. The Conceptualists struck out a middle path. Like the Realists, they allowed that the mind possessed ideas, while by only admitting these ideas to be conventional abstractions, they in fact denied their reality, and in this respect had more affinity with the Nominalists. To intellects in the excited state to which the undue importance given to logic had brought them, the solution of the Pantheistic Averrhoes was eagerly grasped at. Mankind had but one common intellect, and the oneness of its general ideas resulted from this cause, and not from any corresponding reality external to the mind. In vain would religious men urge, that where reason and religion asserted contrary doctrines, the former must give way to the latter. It was replied, that there were two orders of truth, one religious and one rational; and that what might be true in the one order might be false in the other. It will be plain at once under what a disadvantage the cause of religion seemed to labour at that time, with the intellect of the day infatuated with a Pagan teacher and his infidel commentator, while Christianity did not as yet possess any scientific system of philosophy to oppose to these adversaries. She had to occupy and conquer for herself those high depart-

ments of reason and science which the world, whom she had despoiled of so much, was endeavouring to retain or wrest out of her grasp. And this great victory was reserved for the Dominican order, and especially for the angel of the schools, the great St. Thomas.

St. Thomas had the glory of reconciling and ascertaining the respective departments of reason and faith. He shewed that both being the gift of God, it was impossible that they could really disagree, or utter a discordant voice; that there was, however, a vast field lying beyond its reach, concerning which reason could give us no information, or acquire any real knowledge. This was the office of faith. When faith, however, had transmitted these super-rational truths to the human intellect, it was in its power, and became its province, to translate them into rational forms. Thus might religion take the form of a science; and, as the terms used by Aristotle and his particular system had then possession of the minds of men, the Saint took these terms as he found them, and made use of them in his scientific exposition of theology. Thus did he storm the fortress of the enemy, and turn all its armoury against themselves.

We have no intention of supplying what appears to us to be M. Bareille's deficiencies, but it was necessary to say thus much, because we think that the subject of which we have given this very slight and imperfect sketch, required something more than the very general and indistinct notice to be found in M. Bareille's pages. But if we feel this to be a serious omission, we must also advert to what, it must be owned, presents the aspect of a somewhat graver fault. There are so many redeeming passages, however, so many expressions of genuine piety, that it is almost painful to notice on certain occasions a kind of shrinking from the bold assertion of sentiments, feelings, and opinions, from which a cold and incredulous age may be supposed to recoil. As instances of this, we must notice the half-hesitating and half-deprecating way in which miraculous occurrences are mentioned. Every one knows that it is not necessary to receive as an article of faith every miracle generally believed on mere historical testimony. His belief on the subject, where the Church has not affixed the sanction of her authority, will vary naturally with the testimony adduced, and in a measure also with his readiness to expect such interpositions, causing him to accept a smaller amount of evidence than would content the incredulous, or convert the infidel.

M. Bareille is evidently desirous himself of giving credit to these miraculous manifestations, but he is painfully aware that his readers may not always go along with him in this; and he therefore endeavours to plead for them in a kind of sentimental strain, as if he would fain ask for permission to let them pass on the score of their beauty, appropriateness, &c. Thus, speaking of the glory visible round the Infant Saint's head, he immediately adds:

"Whatever may be thought of the historical truth of this fact, we *love to see* in this early light with which the infant was surrounded, the precocious emanations of the spirit of light which had fixed its abode in the frail form." (P. 7.)

After relating another striking incident in the words of the ancient chronicler, he subjoins:

"We do not think ourselves called upon to present our readers with the pious reflections of these ages of faith; many will perhaps be of opinion that it is already much to have given them the preceding simple narration. But without stopping to discuss either the supernatural in it, or the truth of it, we relate it less as an important fact in the life of the holy Doctor than as a trait of the historian, tending to shew the ideas and character of his time. Besides, whatever considerate caution our Great Master has taught us to exercise towards a languishing or weak faith, it is impossible to push complaisance so far as to mutilate history, and give a false colouring to an enthusiastic and religious age to flatter the cold susceptibilities of a very different time." (P. 9.)

Now, unless we are much mistaken, it was something very different from complaisance or flattery, of which our Lord gave us the example in his behaviour towards those whose faith was defective. Besides, what does the author really believe himself? Does he mean that the age he speaks of formed a right judgment, or that it really pushed enthusiasm and belief in the mar-

vellous too far? He certainly thinks that there was something beautiful and pleasing in this frame of mind, but does he think it was in accordance with *truth*? This distinction between truth and beauty seems to us to savour of a sickly morality, very adverse to the healthy mode of viewing things which it should be the aim of the true Christian to cultivate and encourage. Other instances of the same kind might be pointed out, where language somewhat similar is employed; such as at page 374, where he begs his readers "at least to grant to that part of his narrative the degree of interest which the marvellous in history never fails to inspire."

These specimens must suffice; but we cannot close our remarks without deploring the strange *sympathy* which he thinks proper to shew with a misguided mother's feelings when combating her son's vocation. We wish, however, distinctly to state, that we do not believe these to be the genuine sentiments of the Abbé Bareille, which are, evidently from other passages in his book, such as we should desire to meet with in a good Christian and devoted servant of God; but we lament that he should not have shewn more boldness and confidence in the goodness of his cause, and less of the "complaisance" before alluded to.

We will conclude by noticing with pleasure the appreciation which the author frequently evinces for the true principles of art, its connexion with religion, and the spiritual character it assumes in her hands. We regret that, from its length, we cannot quote the whole passage in the introduction upon the architecture of the thirteenth century; but the concluding paragraph may serve as a specimen; where, after saying that the Gothic cathedral is a true religious encyclopedia, wherein a magnificent unity is realised, and that it is the "Summa Theologiæ," written in marble by Christian generations, under the twofold inspiration of faith and genius, he eloquently adds:

"It has been said that the Gothic cathedral borrowed much from the arts which preceded its birth. This is true: it is a reproach which it accepts as one glory the more. Here is a new feature of resemblance connecting it with Catholic theology, such as it appeared in the magnificent work which was accomplishing by the hands of the Angel of the School. As theology moulded the ancient philosophies and human sciences to aid in the erection of this its divine monument, so Christian architecture borrowed from the ancient world all its various elements to transfigure them, and penetrate them with a new life. The Indian temple, symbol of the secret working of nature, there divests itself of its shapeless pantheism, and appears displayed in all the magnificence of its complete development; the Egyptian tomb there clothes itself in the mysterious splendours of immortality; the Grecian column breaks the stiff unbending straightness of its pediments to mount more freely up to heaven; the Roman arch springs on high more boldly upon the curves of the aspiring ogive; with no less power does Christian architecture assimilate to itself the Byzantine dome and the exuberance of Arabian creations. Of so many differing forms it frames one only form, the innumerable parts of which embrace, invoke, and mutually produce each other, blending together in the unity of one living body. Behold the wondrous product of the Christian mind! This it is that breathes in every part, and remounts to God, its primal source; it draws with it heavenward all the coarsest elements, yea, creation's self. The arches climb aloft on their aerial way, and higher still, and from all points at once, the spires shoot upward into boundless space, as symbolising in their flight the sublime extravagance of ecstasy: it is the aspiration, incessant and eternal, of creation towards the Creator." (Pp. xxvi. xxvii.)

Short Notices.

The Catholic Christian's Complete Manual. Compiled, revised, and translated, by Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. London, Richardson.

A SINGULARLY extensive compilation of devotions, founded upon a Manual known and valued in England for centuries past. Notwithstanding its moderate price, it is one of the completest books of the kind that we possess, containing not only the ancient Manual itself, but the office of our Lord Jesus Christ, from the Dominican Suso; many devotions from the admirable Abbot Blosius; several prayers from the Paradisus Animæ, the Coeleste Palmetum, and the works of St. Bonaventure; together with the proper offices from the Missal for every day in the year; and other religious exercises besides. The work is printed in a very legible type, and we have no doubt will meet with a warm welcome in many quarters.

Emily Vernon; or Self-sacrifice. London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

EMILY VERNON is a young lady, who is first left an orphan, then jilted by her lover, and finally robbed of her property by a speculating trustee. In the end she becomes mistress of a training school; and in the mean time she has brought up the child of her faithless lover, when he died after a thoughtless marriage; and she has also lost the greater number of her kindred by death. The *self-sacrifice* in the tale is less prominent than the resignation. It is an amiably and religiously, but not brilliantly, written story. The authoress is of the High Church school, but is not given to artificial phraseology, and what the world very justly calls the "mummeries" of a certain class of minds.

Music.

Four Masses. Missa de S. Cuthberto; de S. Gregorio Magno; de Venerabili Beda; de Beata Maria Virgine. London, J. A. Novello.

EVERY one who has had any experience of the practical difficulties involved in the management of a choir, knows well that one of the most insuperable is found in the scarcity of good, yet easy music. The masterpieces of ecclesiastical music were unquestionably not written for choirs composed of the materials which we have at the present day. Nor were they, for the most part, the works of writers who cared much for the spirit of true religious music, or who thought more of the Church and her wishes than of themselves and their musical talents. Consequently *easy* music has been too often *trashy* music; and from the want of any thing that should please alike the cultivated musician and the uncultivated though devout Christian, almost every one who has taken an interest in the matter has been driven to adopt an exclusive Gregorianism or an exclusive anti-Gregorianism. We have little doubt ourselves, that those who love extreme views in musical matters, on either side, are gradually becoming fewer and fewer; and that could a sound, musician-like, and Christian-like spirit be infused into Church Music, all ultra theories would either be exploded at once, or quietly die out.

On these grounds we are extremely glad to find that the Four Masses above specified are now published. They are already well known in some parts of the country, and we believe that, wherever known, they are valued as good, solid, and, above all, as *useful* and *practicable* compositions. They are written in straightforward, simple counterpoint, without fugue or imitation; and with a view to their performance by the humblest choirs, the words are so arranged for the soprano part, that it may be sung alone, without the aid of alto, tenor, or bass. The first three are also written on the old Gregorian tones; the "de S. Cuthberto" on the 8th, the "de S. Gregorio" on the 5th, and the "de Venerabili Beda" on the 1st. All four are well worth knowing, and are within the compass of the average quality of amateurs' and boys' voices, and the accompaniment is such that any tolerable player will find no difficulty in it. The "Missa de S. Cuthberto" we think the best of the series, and worth the attention of the most accomplished of choirs.

Fine Arts.

Sketches, Graphic and Descriptive, for a History of the Decorative Painting applied to English Architecture during the Middle Ages. By E. L. Blackburne, F.S.A., Architect. Folio. London, John Williams and Co.

THERE are few questions connected with Gothic art on which a greater diversity of opinion exists, than on the propriety of applying colour as a means of heightening the effect of architectural members, whether plain or sculptured, moulded or empanelled, of wood or stone. That the architects of the middle ages laid gilding and colour thickly, gorgeously, and almost indiscriminately, in all these positions, is now a well-established fact; for though the examples which still remain perfect are comparatively few, the vestiges are almost innumerable, and quite sufficient to indicate the universality of the practice. Screens, roofs, monuments, capitals, and

arches, were highly coloured; the very walls also were commonly ornamented with large and somewhat coarse designs, by a process known to "ecclesiologists" under the terms frescoes, stencilling, and distemper painting.

We shall not now enter into the question of effect. All may judge for themselves by the many splendid examples which have of late been executed in the new House of Lords, and in churches at Cheadle, Alton, Nottingham, Birmingham, Wilton, and elsewhere. While some admire, others object to what they call an excessive and almost tawdry richness, which they think incompatible with the solemnity and sobriety proper for a church—in short, theatrical rather than ecclesiastical in character. How far the unsatisfactory result may depend on the ancient principles of colouring being little understood at present, would be another matter for our consideration, did we intend to enlarge upon the subject.

Mr. Blackburne's object in the present work is to give a series of the best preserved English specimens of antiquity, printed in colours as nearly as possible to represent the originals. There can be no doubt of the utility of this scheme, provided always that the examples are *really* good; for certain it is, that with much that was chaste and beautiful in medieval colouring, much also may be found which must be called the veriest daubing, and the most unartistic productions of an unsparing brush and an untutored taste. We cannot help thinking that the present series contains some rather ordinary examples of polychromatic decorations; such, for instance, as the blue and red screen in Aldenham Church, Herts, in Part 1; the equally commonplace, and indeed similar, one from the Chapel of St. Erasmus, Westminster—the Lectern-stand, from Littlebury, Essex—the niche from Harrow, Middlesex, in Part 2; and the screen from Burlingham, Norfolk, in Part 3. All these are of late character and moderate merit; nor are they of sufficient rarity to deserve illustration to the exclusion of earlier and purer specimens of art. Mr. Blackburne would have done well had he given facsimiles of some of the elaborate and really fine panel portrait-paintings, of which so many still remain in the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, and of which he has himself enumerated not a few, under the head of "Screens," in pp. 50, 52. Many of these are well worthy of attention, being of a peculiar school of art, and of a richness and depth of colouring which it would be difficult to surpass.

An elaborate dissertation upon, or rather history of, decorative painting accompanies the plates; and in this the author mentions and describes most of the specimens known to exist in England. There is no little research exhibited in this treatise, which forms probably the completest account which has hitherto been drawn up from documents and personal inspection of medieval remains.

The subject is properly divided into heads, as screens, roofs, Scriptural subjects, portraits, pavements, &c. Of wall-paintings, Mr. Blackburne distinguishes three kinds: tapestry or hangings, with figures wrought in needlework; tablets, or detached paintings on boards, hung against the walls, much as in the modern fashion; and devices painted in fixed colours upon the actual walls,—a custom derived either from the two former, or from the still more ancient Mosaics of Basilican churches. The account given of portraiture is full, and generally correct; and we add with pleasure, that the author writes in all cases reverently and religiously. The various conventional forms under which the Crucifixion, the Lord in Glory, the Doom, &c., were represented in wall-paintings, are described at length, with references to abundance of existing examples. We observe that Mr. Blackburne is not always accurate when he attempts to cite the learned languages. The following, from p. 13, is a marvellous mistake: "the *Vesica piscis* (*sic*) is a symbol supposed to have allusion to the Greek word *IKHTHYS*, signifying a fish; hence the holy name *IXΘΥΣ*, Jesus." It can hardly be necessary to state, that *IXΘΥΣ* is Greek for a fish, and is a word composed of the initial letters of the Greek words signifying "JESUS CHRIST, Son of God, the Saviour." The term "*vesica piscis*" for the aureole, or oval glory, intended to represent two intersecting rainbows, is as absurd as it is liable

to mislead. It should be rejected, as originating in error.

Mr. Blackburne has certainly taken much pains with his work, both in faithfully and accurately delineating the subjects, and in collecting facts and materials for his essay. We are by no means sorry to find that he contemplates a second series, in continuation of the four parts which are now published, in conformity with the pledge originally given to the subscribers not to exceed that number. The price appears to be very reasonable for twenty-four illuminated folio plates, and ninety pages of letter-press, interspersed with woodcuts of initial letters from MSS. of the 14th century.

EXHIBITION OF THE

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE confident feeling of self-gratulation with which every Frenchman appears to regard the national manufactures of Sevres and the Gobelins, finds a remarkable parallel in the sensation of peculiar pride which all who take any interest in the Fine Arts of our native country exhibit when the subject of water-colour painting is brought under discussion.

It is regarded (and with justice) as that branch of artistic cultivation most essentially *English*, and it is in that particular department that we can escape most unscathed from the ordeal of a comparison with our continental contemporaries. In fact, abroad there is no school that can for a moment be compared to our own; and although in the *croquis de chique*, or the *pay-sage en aquarelle*, the French are most tasteful, and might, on some few points, afford valuable lessons to our own artists, still, when their abilities are taxed to produce a finished water-colour picture, their inferiority becomes manifest to the most inexperienced eye. To all, then, who cherish the art it will be a comfort to know, that the present exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours is in no respect inferior to those of preceding years. Although several secessions of very distinguished artists have taken place from its ranks, and although the absence of such names as those of Messrs. Jenkins, Topham, Dodgson, &c. are much to be deplored, still we are rejoiced to find that an increased energy on the part of some of the younger members of the society has supplied the hiatus occasioned by their defection. Foremost among these aspirants we must place Mr. Charles Vacher, a young artist, whose progress forward has, for several years past, been most steady and uniform, each year's productions surpassing those previously executed, and whose marked superiority over the majority of his brethren in the perception of tone and colour, renders him a special object of present regard and future expectation.

In his picture, No. 271, entitled "Venice, morning, noon, and evening," he has grasped a most poetical idea, and carried it out on a large and brilliant scale. He has also taken advantage of the power afforded by a cycle of subjects, enabling the artist to convey sensations, and to connect historical incidents, distinct *per se*, and yet by union and sequence rendered capable of conveying the most varied and important lessons. Under the influence of a pure and brilliant morning sun, he has pictured in one compartment the young Republic, bustling with commercial life, her warehouses filling with the precious produce of the East, and her children struggling to develop, by their restless activity and energy, her existence as Bride of the Ocean. In the centre division he sets before us, in all the charm of full and meridian sun-light, the brilliant, magic Piazzetta, the pride of Venice and the world; he has placed the noble Bucentaur, as the principal object, in the middle of the picture, and crowded around it all the luxury of many-coloured craft, and gorgeous "*apparecchiatura*" that was wont to gild her more than regal festas, in the noontide of her power. In the third he has shewn her hastening, like some bright exhalation of the evening, unto her setting. Backed by one of those deep blue after-sunset skies, that are so magical in Italy, he has set forth the lovely *Ca d'Oro*, the most beautiful, saving St. Mark's, of all the old Venetian relics. In the deep shade of the descending night, lies, heaving so gently on the bosom of the water as not to

wake the sleeping gondolier, one of those dark and sombre gondolas that seem now to wear one universal mourning for the fate of their ancient mother. Thus, with grace and with extreme beauty of feeling and artistic skill, has Mr. Vacher shewn us the moral of Venetian story. Let us hope, in spite of the point at which he has stopped short, that there may yet remain to add one more subject, a glorious to-morrow.

In some of the other pictures by this artist we meet with the same tendency, which is the more valuable since it is so seldom exhibited by others, to give to each scene that particular class of effect most suitable to develop its peculiarities; thus, in No. 148, "Temple of Juno Lucina, Girgenti," an effect becomes beautiful, which, applied to a subject less important, would be strained, and wear an appearance of artifice. In this picture the sky is remarkably fine; the lurid reflection of the illuminated portion of the heavens telling on these lowering *cumuli*, gives a wild grandeur to the scene, quite in unison with its character. His other pictures are not in all respects so successful, some of them inclining in tone to too palpable an opposition of blue and amber, and exhibiting an inclination, to which Mr. Vacher seems somewhat prone, to make his lights too warm, and his shadows too cold.

Of Mr. Haghe's works this year it is impossible to speak in terms of other than high commendation, as far as their artistic qualities are concerned; but yet there is a meagreness about the subjects, and his mode of telling a story, indicating that something is wanting of the imaginative faculty. His best picture, No. 73, "Capuchin Monks at Matins, in their Convent at Bruges," displays a wonderful knowledge of material, and of the effects of artificial light: the simple scale of colour that has been adopted is admirably kept to in finishing every detail, and the spirit with which the effect is rendered is worthy of Rembrandt. In No. 236, "Chaufoir in the Town Hall of Mons," his admirable skill in drawing and painting architecture in partial and reflected light is well brought out; and in No. 320, "Michael Angelo attending on his sick servant Urbino," he has displayed his wonted power of giving to water-colour painting all the force and solidity of oil. But it is lucky for Mr. Haghe that all the world knows that poor Buonarrotti had his nose broken by a stone in his youth, or certainly, for aught of character he has put into it, they would have had some difficulty in recognising him in his maturer age. While touching on the subject of Mr. Haghe's beautiful effects, we cannot but notice a melancholy attempt made by Mr. Chase, in No. 297, "Interior of the Town Hall at Courtrai," to imitate him. Although great labour has been bestowed to work up to concert pitch, it has only produced blackness and woolliness; and in feeble drawing, all the beauty of the exquisitely delicate architectural detail has evaporated.

Miss Setchell's charming picture, No. 54, illustrating the touching old song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," exhibits true feminine refinement of expression, combined with a masculine energy in effect and execution. The head of the young girl is remarkably sweet, and the general aspect of the colour is pleasing, though perhaps hyper-criticism might suggest that the light is a little too light, and the dark a little too dark.

Mr. Wehnert's "Sebastian Gomez, commonly called El Mulato de Murillo, discovered by his master at work," No. 127, gives us a well chosen subject *de genre*, excellently well treated; the thorough absorption in his pursuit of the servant, and the mixed surprise and admiration of the master, are admirably rendered, and the general arrangement of light, shade, and colour are capital.

Mr. Corbould gives us several figure pictures, displaying facility of handling, but sad mannerism. His large head of Christ is most painful. We had hoped that we were to have no more such atrocities.

Mr. Absolon is, as usual, clever and sentimental; his peasants are generally Arcadian, but his landscapes true English. The accessories, and indeed the principals also, are very nicely treated in No. 7, "Sunday Morning;" and in his large work, "The Village Dance," from Sterne, he has shewn considerable power in grouping, composing, and drawing that difficult subject, a number

of figures in rapid motion, extended over a long picture, without confusion or exaggeration.

We shall hope next week to return to a few more of the *notabilia* of this interesting Exhibition.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE ART OF ENAMEL.

APRIL 12.—Sir J. P. Boileau in the chair. Mr. D. Wyatt, architect, read a paper "On the art of enamel, ancient and modern." After a brief description of the composition of pure enamel and the nature of the pigments usually employed to colour it, Mr. Wyatt enumerated the six leading varieties of the art, and described, as far as possible in the language of some contemporary authority, the different modes of uniting the vitreous paste with the metallic base.

The first, or Byzantine process, which obtained throughout the Eastern Empire, from probably the time of Justinian down to about the year 1300, was illustrated from the writings of Theophilus, the celebrated artist-monk of the eleventh or twelfth century. Its chief peculiarity appears to have been the formation of casements, or cavities, for the reception of the enamel, by means of gold filigree.

The second, or early Limoges style, which was so much practised in that city from probably the eleventh century until the frightful siege and massacre by the Black Prince, was described from a comparison of the admirable notices of Mr. Albert Way with those of M. Petit, Dussieux, Pottier, and the Abbé Texier. It seems to have substituted excisions formed in the thick copper-plate by the graver, for the filigree compartments of the Byzantine mode.

The third, or early Italian mode, practised from some fifty years before the days of Ugolino Veri, who executed the celebrated shrine in Oviedo Cathedral in the year 1338, down to the end of the sixteenth century, was detailed from descriptions given by Vasari and Benvenuto Cellini. About the middle of that century it appears to have held a midway position between the ancient *champ levé*, or incised, and the painted enamels afterwards produced, consisting in engraving silver after the manner of medallion relief, and then floating over it with variously coloured transparent pastes. As contemporary with this variety, *niello* was slightly alluded to.

Benvenuto Cellini was said to have, if not invented, at least been the first to describe the improvement that took place about the beginning of the sixteenth century, which constituted what Mr. Wyatt called jewellers' enamel. It consisted in using water, in which pips of pearls had been steeped, as a vehicle with the glass powder employed to cover small gold or silver objects in the round, or in the highest relief. This held the paste in its place until vitrification took place, and was yet so delicate a cement, as not to interfere with the perfect purity of the enamel.

The fifth, or late Limoges variety, was described as having sprung at once, fully armed, from the brain of that Jupiter of enamel workers, Leonard Limousin, under the auspices of Francis the First, and differed from its predecessors chiefly in entirely covering the surface of the metal with an opaque paste, and then painting on that with transparent colours, regaining the effect of a translucent ground by applying silver-leaf in particular situations, fastening it with a glaze of colourless enamel, and then tinting over it. These peculiarities, as well as the *peinture grisâtre*, and touching with gold, were illustrated from the interesting manuscripts published by M. Maurice Ardent of Limoges. This style appears to have dwindled into nonentity under the hands of the Nouailliers, a family who lived (they can scarcely be said to have flourished) during the latter part of the seventeenth century.

In connexion with the detail of the sixth and last process, the miniature style, honourable allusion was made to the labours of Sir Theodore de Mayerne (whose interesting manuscript we may shortly hope to see published under the auspices of Mr. Hendrie,) and his connexion with Petitot, the principal and best known artist of this school. The improvements effected were, a great enrichment of the palette by the addition of new pigments, the power of multiplying the number of tints, and graduating the succession of tints, their hardness and fusibility, by the addition of fluxes, &c. Unhappily the mystery thrown over the modes of procedure renders them exceedingly difficult to analyse or describe.

Mr. Wyatt then gave a rapid sketch of the history of the art, commencing with Egypt, noting the barbaric enamels existent in the north probably previous to the Roman Conquests, touching on the connexion between the Limoges and Byzantine schools, and tracing all the salient points in its existence, both as a manufacture and an art, in our own and other countries. He glanced at what had been recently done in the ateliers of Wagner and Rudolfi at Paris, and the exquisite paintings of Messrs. Bone and Essex; and concluded by expressing an earnest hope, that the knowledge of art possessed

by those gentlemen might soon be grafted on the skill of our workmen, and that with us ere long, as remarked by the Abbé Texier of the middle ages, art and manufacture may be blended and identified; art gaining by the affinity great practical facility, and manufacture much original beauty.

Ecclesiastical Register.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE IN TRAINING SCHOOLMASTERS.

"As is the master, so is the school," is a German maxim, which no one acquainted with the working of educational institutions will be disposed to dispute. It is not, therefore, without reason that the Committee of Council on Education profess to encourage with great liberality every effort directed to the training of masters, and offer to future teachers themselves inducements of no ordinary character. That the training of these embryo teachers may begin at an early period, and be conducted systematically throughout a course of years, their Lordships are willing to make arrangements for apprenticing to skilful masters in different schools, such scholars as are distinguished by proficiency and moral qualifications, with a view to their subsequent removal to Normal Schools, and ultimately to their becoming efficient conductors of education. We subjoin a sketch of the Government plan, and of its most prominent advantages.

The preliminary conditions upon which a school may claim the benefit of apprentices, or, as they are called, "pupil teachers," are as follow:—That the master or mistress of the school is competent to conduct the apprentice through the course of instruction to be required: That the school is well furnished and well supplied with books and apparatus: That it is divided into classes; and that the instruction is skilful, and is graduated according to the age of the children and the time they have been at school, so as to shew that equal care has been bestowed on each class: That the discipline is mild and firm, and conducive to good order: That there is a fair prospect that the salary of the master and mistress, and the ordinary expenses of the school, will be provided for during the period of apprenticeship.

The candidates must be at least thirteen years of age, and they are required—1. To read with fluency, ease, and expression. 2. To write in a neat hand, with correct spelling and punctuation, a simple prose narrative slowly read to them. 3. To write from dictation sums in the first four rules of arithmetic, simple and compound; to work them correctly, and to know the tables of weights and measures. 4. To point out the parts of speech in a simple sentence. 5. To have an elementary knowledge of geography. 6. *In schools connected with the Church of England*, they will be required to repeat the Catechism, and to shew that they understand its meaning, and are acquainted with the outline of Scripture history. The parochial clergyman will assist in this part of the examination. *In other schools*, the state of the religious knowledge will be certified by the managers. 7. To teach a junior class to the satisfaction of the Inspector. 8. Girls should also be able to sew neatly and to knit.

The pupil teachers in a school will not be allowed to exceed the proportion of one to every twenty-five of the children. At the close of every year during their apprenticeship, they will be examined by Government Inspectors, upon whose reports they are removable from their situations.

In country schools, where masters or mistresses of schools may be unable to conduct apprentices through the required course of instruction, provision is made by their Lordships for an inferior class, called "stipendiary monitors," to be retained until they are seventeen, by agreement with the parents.

Stipendiary monitors must be thirteen years of age, and they will be required, 1. To read with fluency. 2. To write a neat hand. 3. To write from dictation sums in the first four simple rules of arithmetic, and to work them correctly. 4. To point out the parts of speech in a simple sentence. 5. *In Church of England schools*, to repeat the Catechism, and shew a knowledge of its meaning, the parochial clergyman assisting in the religious examination. *In other schools*, the managers will certify that they are satisfied with the state of their religious knowledge. 6. Girls to sew neatly and to knit.

Towards their maintenance Government will make grants:

	For a Pupil Teacher.	For a Stipendiary Monitor.
At the end of the 1st year . . .	£10 0	£5 0
" 2d " . . .	12 10	7 10
" 3d " . . .	15 0	10 0
" 4th " . . .	17 10	12 10
" 5th " . . .	20 0	

And, in addition, the master or mistress by whom they have been instructed and trained shall be paid the sum of 5*l.* for one, of 9*l.* for two, of 12*l.* for three pupil teachers, and 3*l.* per annum more for every additional apprentice; and, on the like

conditions, 2*l.* 10*s.* for one stipendiary monitor, 4*l.* for two, 6*l.* for three, and 11*l.* 10*s.* in addition, in each year, for every additional stipendiary monitor. In consideration of the foregoing gratuity, and of the assistance obtained from the pupil teachers and stipendiary monitors in the instruction and management of the school, the master will give them instruction in the prescribed subjects during one hour and a half at least, during five days in the week, either before or after the usual hours of school-keeping.

At the end of their five years' course, pupil teachers will be allowed an exhibition of 20*l.* or 25*l.* to enable them to enter a Normal School as "Queen's scholars;" while under training in the Normal School, they, in common with all other approved students, will receive annual gratuities from Government sufficient for their bare support; and when fully trained they will enter upon the management of a school with an augmentation of salary from the Parliamentary grant, or if unsuited after all for the office of teachers, they may obtain honourable employment in the public service, under regulations to be hereafter devised.

We annex the proper form of memorial applying for pupil teachers, or stipendiary monitors.

To the Lords of the Committee on Education of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lords,—We, the undersigned, being a* of the† of the‡ school, request that your Lordships will be pleased to give instructions to one of her Majesty's Inspectors of schools, to examine and report whether the organisation, discipline, and state of instruction in this school render it a proper place for the training and instruction of§ and whether the|| appear qualified to educate such§ in accordance with your Lordships' regulations, so as to prepare them for the annual examination of the Inspector. We further request that her Majesty's Inspector may be instructed to recommend to your Lordships from among the best conducted and most successful scholars such¶ as may from character, attainments, and skill in teaching be most likely to prove useful as** in this school. If upon his Report your Lordships are pleased to authorise the apprenticeship of such** we will endeavour to render the school successful, by securing the superintendence of efficient teachers during the period of the apprenticeship of these scholars, and by making the training and conduct of these apprentices a subject of our continual care.

Signed this day 18

We believe we are justified in saying that, until Parliament has sanctioned Minutes of the Privy Council respecting Catholics, no Catholic school can derive any benefit whatever from an application, on this or any other subject, to the Committee of Council on Education. Nevertheless, Catholics should be prepared to take instant advantage of the adoption of such Minutes, and to avail themselves to the utmost of the many liberal offers made by Government in encouragement of education.

Documents.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF MILAN TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE great cause of Italian independence, blessed by your Holiness, has triumphed in our city. We have borne witness to it with our blood, and we rejoice that it has been so, in the hope that that blood may be a laver of regeneration for us and for all Italy.

In your name, most Holy Father, we prepared ourselves for the conflict; we inscribed your name upon our banners, upon our barricades; in your name, almost unarmed and unprovided with any thing except the holiness of our rights, we met the formidable preparations of the enemy; in your name, young and old, women and children, have fought joyfully, have joyfully died; and now, in your name, we pour out the gladness of our hearts to God, who has conquered in us, in his own battle.

Yes, it is God who has conquered in us: this is proclaimed aloud by the voices of the people, who, in this assurance, forget all the sufferings of the past, and forgive them; while, full of faith, they contemplate, in the future, the accomplishment of those magnificent promises, of which your sacred word, most Holy Father, first stood forth to them as the guarantee. Intrepid in the conflict, we have been merciful in the victory, and, devout to your name, which breathes of gentleness and pardon, we have not given ourselves up to the intoxication

* Here insert "majority," or "quorum."

† Here insert "managers," when the school is under the management of a committee, or board of managers; and when there is no such committee, insert "trustees."

‡ Here insert the name of the school in full, thus: "Fulham National" or "Finsbury British" school.

§ Here insert "master," or "mistress," or "master and mistress."

|| Here insert "pupil teachers" or "stipendiary monitors."

¶ Here insert the number of pupil teachers or stipendiary monitors proposed to be apprenticed.

** Here insert "pupil teachers" or "stipendiary monitors."

of triumph; we have not stained it with any excess; but so far as the stern laws of war permit, we have respected the image of God even in our pitiless enemies—pitiless in the fight, more pitiless when the fight was done! Then, flying from our city, they threw themselves on the neighbouring lands, and made of the whole country, from our walls to the Adda and the Oglio, a desolate wilderness. The churches were violated, the priests scattered and slain; the houses in flames, their inhabitants cut to pieces; rapine and slaughter every where. And pitiless to us, alas! for after having left us so many marks of their blind fury, they dragged away with them many of our fellow-citizens, whom they had already subjected, during the days of the fight, to every insult, to every aggravation of servitude; respectable magistrates, young men in the flower of life and hope, fathers, mothers, sons. These, alas! are such sorrows, that they have tainted with poison even the joy of our victory. But now, having poured them out into the paternal heart of your Holiness, they seem already to have lost this tinge of bitterness, more especially as our thought springs forward already to welcome the hope that your most sacred authority, O Holy Father, your propitiating word, may interpose in behalf of these our unhappy brethren. Meanwhile, strong in our right, sealed as it has been with the blood of our combatants, strong in the aid which, at our request, the noble King of Sardinia has granted us, strong in your name, we prepare to pursue this war, which nothing can bring to a close but the complete victory of Italian independence. So long as the war is waging against the common enemy, anxious to maintain order,—more needful within while there is fighting without,—we shall provide, together with the provisional governments of the other cities of Lombardy which are freed from the Austrian, and which have fraternised with us, that no dissensions arise concerning the political form on which this noble portion of our great country, Italy, is to be modelled. When the victory is won, the voice of the nation must decide; and then certainly the example of our brethren will have great weight with us, since we are firmly resolved to direct all our efforts towards strengthening the bonds of Italian unity, without which Italian independence can never exist.

But now, the business is to fight; to drive beyond the Alps the common foe of Italy, that foe who has grieved even your paternal heart, most Holy Father, and has dared to make of your name a sign of contradiction and of scandal. Now, therefore, we have recourse to you, as to the first citizen of Italy; as to the beginner of this great movement which has led on the willing and dragged on the reluctant; as to our common Father in Christ, who set free all the nations of the earth. Add to the might of our arms the might of your benedictions; bless us in the outpouring of your great spirit, as you have already blessed all Italy; bless us in fight, that you may bless us in victory—final victory, which shall call forth the voice and shout from the Alps to the two seas.

Long live Italy, free and one! Long live Pius the Ninth!

CASATI, President.

BORRAMEO. DURINI. LITTA.
STRIGELLI. GIULINI. BERETTA.
GUERRIERI. GREPPI. PORRO.

LORD BROUGHAM A FRENCH CITIZEN.

WE give the following extraordinary correspondence, not so much on account of the eccentric individual who here figures in one more new character, as for the purpose of shewing how the French Government view the question involved in his request.

Paris, April 7, 1848.

Lord Brougham has the honour to offer his respects to the Minister of Justice, and wishing to be naturalised in France, he has demanded certificates from the Mayor of Cannes (Var), where he has resided for the last thirteen years, and where he possesses a property, and has built for himself a mansion (chateau). Those certificates are to be forwarded directly to the Minister of Justice, and Lord Brougham requests the Minister to transmit to him the act of naturalisation with as little delay as possible.

Paris, April 8, 1848.

My Lord,—I must apprise you of the consequences which will ensue from the naturalisation you demand, should you obtain it. If France adopts you for one of her sons, you cease to be an Englishman; you are no longer Lord Brougham, you become Citizen Brougham. You lose forthwith all titles of nobility, all privileges, all advantages, of whatever nature they may be, which you possessed either in your quality of Englishman or by virtue of the rights hitherto conferred on you by British laws or customs, and which cannot accord with our law of equality between all citizens. This would be the effect, my Lord, even did not the British laws possess that rigour with regard to those British citizens who demand and obtain their naturalisation in foreign countries. It is in this sense that you must write to me. I must suppose that the late British Chancellor is aware of the necessary consequences of so important a

demand. But it is the duty of the Minister of Justice of the French Republic to warn you officially. When you shall have made a demand in form, embracing those declarations, it shall be immediately examined.

A. CREMIEUX.

London, April 10, 1848.

Monsieur le Ministre,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of the 8th. I never doubted that by causing myself to be naturalised a French citizen I should lose all my rights as a British Peer and a British subject in France. I will retain my privileges as an Englishman only in England; in France I should be all that the laws of France accord to the citizens of the republic. As I desire above all the happiness of the two countries, and their mutual peace, I thought it my duty to give a proof of my confidence in the French institutions, to encourage my English countrymen to confide in them as I do.

H. BROUGHAM.

Paris, April 12, 1848.

My Lord,—My letter has not been comprehended—yours does not permit me, to my great regret, to forward your demand. You do me the honour to write to me—"I never doubted that by causing myself to be naturalised a French citizen I should lose all my rights as a British Peer and a British subject in France. I will retain my privileges as an Englishman only in England; in France I should be all that the laws of France accord to the citizens of the republic." I used the clearest and most positive expressions in my letter. France admits no partition—she admits not that a French citizen shall at the same time be the citizen of another country. In order to become a Frenchman you must cease to be an Englishman. You cannot be an Englishman in England and a Frenchman in France: our laws are absolutely opposed to it. You must necessarily choose. It was for that reason that I took care to explain to you the consequences of naturalisation. In that position, therefore, and as long as you will remain an Englishman in England—that is to say, as long as you will not abdicate completely and everywhere your quality of British subject, and exchange it for that of French citizen, it is impossible for me to give effect to your demand.

A. CREMIEUX.

Miscellanies.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.—The following is the copy of a memorial to the First Lord of the Treasury, now in course of signature in both Universities: "The memorial of the undersigned Graduates sheweth,—That the present system of the ancient English Universities has not advanced, and is not calculated to advance, the interests of religious and useful learning to an extent commensurate with the great resources and high position of those bodies. That the constitution of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the colleges (now inseparably connected with their academical system), is such as in a great measure to preclude them from introducing those changes which are necessary for increasing their usefulness and efficacy. That under these circumstances, believing that the aid of the Crown is the only available remedy for the above-mentioned defects, your memorialists pray that your Lordship will advise her Majesty to issue her Royal Commission of inquiry into the best methods of securing the improvement of the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge." A meeting of the memorialists, it is understood, will be held in London in May.

THE LIBRARIAN OF LAMBETH.—The Rev. S. R. Maitland has resigned his situation of librarian at Lambeth. It was Mr. Maitland's wish to have retired some time since; but at the particular desire of the late Archbishop, he was induced to retain an appointment which his Grace appears to have thought, in common with all literary men, could hardly be held by a more competent person. The very useful catalogue which Mr. Maitland compiled and published of the early printed books in the Lambeth library was a real service to literature—and as such has been already noticed in this paper. Mr. Maitland has also resigned his appointment of treasurer to the Archaeological Institute; and Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, has been appointed his successor. The new librarian at Lambeth is as yet, we believe, unnamed.—*Athenæum*.

IMPROVED BELL-HANGING.—A short time since we noticed Parker's patent "annunciator" for hotels, mansions, &c., whereby only one bell is required, and the particular room is indicated by a number appearing on the face of the machine. It seems to be a very ingenious and efficient arrangement. In consequence of that notice we have received a letter from Lincoln, signed John Middleton, stating that he has been in the habit of effecting the same thing for a long time past, and pointing to the Palatine Hotel, Manchester, where his arrangement has been in operation for two years; and the Great Northern Hotel, Lincoln, where, in a short time, may be seen forty-four rooms on two landings all communicating with two bells. He says: "I have no intention of patenting my method; and any

person is at liberty to examine it, and either carry it out in its integrity or make such improvements as their ingenuity may suggest." At the Holt's Arms Inn, Birmingham, an electric telegraph has been established to supersede bell-ringing. The object is to avoid any trouble to the visitors who frequent the house in calling for refreshment, as indicated on the dial-plate. By turning a handle, which communicates with the wires, the party is enabled to order any refreshment he may require without troubling the servant, and can even request the appearance of the landlord or landlady as may be requisite.—*Builder*.

DEVONSHIRE SILVER.—On Thursday, Mr. Ellis, jun. of Exeter had the honour of submitting for the approval of the Queen at Osborne House a basket of silver network, made of the silver extracted from the lead-mines in Devonshire, manufactured at the establishment of the firm with which he is connected by order of her Majesty. The basket is an elegant specimen of what can be done by English workmen and with English silver, and is very creditable to national talent and enterprise; and is moreover a good specimen of what can be produced by workmen in the provincial cities of the empire, shewing that good taste and elaborate execution are not confined to the metropolis. The basket is meant to hold music or straws to be used in elegant plaitings or devices. It is surmounted with scrolls, &c., exhibiting in its construction the lightness and delicacy of Oriental workmanship with the good taste of modern design. Her Majesty was pleased to express her entire approbation of the design and workmanship. Some elegant brooches were also submitted to her inspection, with which she expressed her satisfaction.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST ESCAPE.—The *National* has the following sarcastic article in allusion to the last mad prank of the English ex-Chancellor:—So it was really no joke after all! Lord Henry Brougham really wished to become a citizen of France, and addressed a formal demand to that effect to our Provisional Government! It is incredible, but true nevertheless. His Lordship, however, by no means intended to surrender his privileges as an English citizen—my lord wished to amalgamate the two. France is a beautiful country, no doubt; but England has also its attractions, which are not to be voluntarily abandoned. How reconcile this double inclination? My lord had discovered a very ingenious plan—the contraction of a second marriage without dissolving the first. We remember hearing the story of a conductor to a diligence who had one wife in Paris and another at Toulon, and who unfortunately ended by taking up his abode in the latter town. Lord Brougham conceived an idea not altogether dissimilar—in short, he contemplated the perpetration of a political bigamy! How will prudish England receive such a disclosure? We cannot tell; but we confess that were we in the place of my lord we should feel slightly embarrassed. Let him extricate himself from the scrape as best he can—it is his business and not ours.

DONIZETTI.—This popular composer died at Bergamo on the 8th instant, after six days of great suffering. It is well known that for a long time previous Donizetti laboured under a complete prostration of intellect, and was unable to recognise his nearest friends and relatives. At Bergamo, his native town, his health had somewhat improved, but about a month since an unfavourable change took place, and he gradually sunk under the malady. Donizetti was the composer of no less than sixty-six operas, some of which have obtained almost unprecedented popularity.

To Correspondents.

A Catholic Inhabitant of Baywater.—We should be greatly obliged if our correspondent would furnish us with her name and address, in confidence.

To Advertisers.

Advertisements to be sent to MR. S. EYRE, 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, not later in each week than 12 o'clock on Thursday.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED a SITUATION as COMPANION to a LADY by a Young Person who has been much with an Invalid, and accustomed to bestow the care and attention required in such cases. Pecuniary remuneration is not so much an object as a respectable Situation, the advertiser being by distressing circumstances thrown upon the world without home or friends.
Address C., care of Mr. BURNS, 17 Portman Street.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, LYME REGIS.—To be Sold, for ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY GUINEAS, and the proceeds to be applied towards liquidating the debt on the above Church, a Water-colour PAINTING, by GERARD DOW. Subject, "St. Anthony in the Desert." Size, 17 inches by 13.—Application to be made to the Rev. WILLIAM AGAR, Priest of Lyme. N.B.—Any Subscriptions for the furtherance of the above object will be thankfully received by him.

TO be DISPOSED OF by LOTTERY, in 300 SHARES, at Half-a-Crown each, a beautiful NEEDLEWORK PICTURE, 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 4 inches, elegantly framed and glazed.

The above is the property of a Lady, who is under the necessity of raising a particular sum, and whose resources, from most painful causes, are such as to subject her to very distressing consequences unless this plan meets with success.

The Picture may be seen and Tickets procured at Mr. BURNS', 17 Portman Street, Portman Square.

Notice of the drawing will be given in the *Tablet* and *Rambler*.

STOOPING of the SHOULDERS and CONTRACTION of the CHEST are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth, and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To young persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident improvement in the Figure, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of Pulmonary Diseases; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest, and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded per post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 40 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London; or full particulars, with prices and mode of measurement, on receipt of a postage-stamp.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney, New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

SURGEON EYRE'S PECTORAL PILLS.—These

COUGH PILLS only require one Dose to be taken to prove their efficacy. A Box will relieve a person troubled with the most obstinate Cough, of whatever duration, and in most instances effect a permanent Cure.

IT IS NOT BY ADVERTISING THESE PILLS THAT MR. EYRE, SURGEON, LEE, KENT, deservedly received so many astonishing Testimonials, which are enclosed with every Box, but by the recommendation of Mr. E.'s Patients, who have been cured of the following Complaints, viz. Incipient Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Shortness of Breath, &c.

It is a well known fact, that numbers of our fellow-creatures are sacrificed through taking compounds prepared by uneducated men in the practice of Physic. The sufferer commences from having seen it advertised in numerous Publications, and without finding the least relief whatever, is induced to continue it, being in hope that he will shortly find benefit, which unfortunately ends in a fruitless attempt.

MANY EXCELLENT MEDICINES have been discovered by Medical Men for various Complaints; but because Pills, &c. are introduced by Advertisers, some of whom are totally unacquainted with the Profession, a gentleman who has been educated for it considers it disgraceful, consequently comparatively few have the benefit of a good discovery of this kind.

IT IS THIS, AND THE TESTIMONIALS, that have induced Mr. EYRE to present the Recipe of the Pills to the present Proprietor; and with the strongest confidence he recommends them, after using the same in his practice for more than forty-seven years.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC.—Numerous mistakes having occurred with some vendors of EYRE'S COUGH PILLS, the proprietors deem it prudent to caution purchasers of this Medicine to particularly notice the words on the label, "AS PREPARED BY MR. D. EYRE, Surgeon, Lee, Kent." They are wrapped in a buff paper. Ask for "Surgeon Eyre's Cough Pills."

SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY MESSRS. JOHNSTONE, CORNHILL; PROUT, TEMPLE BAR; SANGER, OXFORD STREET; WHITE, PICCADILLY; HENSON, WATFORD; MEIRES, ANGLES, AND MEIRES, MAIDSTONE. AT 1s. 1d. AND 2s. 9d. PER BOX; THE 2s. 9d. BOXES CONTAIN THREE SMALL.

At the latter end of the month will be published,
A MISSA QUADRAGESIMALIS and TE DEUM,
 with alternate Gregorian Responses, for Four Voices, with Organ
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 The price of the Mass will be 5s. and the Te Deum 2s. 6d.
 London: T. E. Purday, 50 St. Paul's Churchyard.

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FOUR MASSES, set to Music in Simple Counter-
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 permission, to Dr. LINGARD.
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A MANUAL of BRITISH and IRISH HISTORY;
 illustrated with Maps, Engravings, and Statistical, Chronological,
 and Genealogical Tables.
 By the Rev. THOMAS FLANAGAN,
 Professor of St. Mary's College, Oscott.
 "What is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be."—
 Eccles. i. 9.
 Published by T. Jones, 63 Paternoster Row; and sold by Bell, Bir-
 mingham; Lynch, Manchester; and Duffy, Dublin.

Just published, price Sixpence,
A CATECHISM of the HISTORY of FRANCE.
 Also, price Sixpence,
A CATECHISM of the HISTORY of GERMANY.
 In a few days will be ready, a New Edition of
The NEW MONTH of MARY; or, Reflections for
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 Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto: principally designed for the
 MONTH of MAY. By the Very Rev. P. J. KENRICK.
 London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street.

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 gious creed."—*Nottinghamshire Guardian.*

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 scription, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
 by Charter of King George First, for LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE
 ASSURANCE, granted their first Life Policy on the 7th June, 1721.
 They have recently issued a new prospectus, embracing a variety of
 very eligible plans for Life Assurance at moderate premiums.

Two-thirds of the gross profits are awarded to the assured by a
 bonus added to the policy—a payment in cash—a new policy without
 premium, or by a reduction of the future annual premiums.

The expenses of managing the Life Department are not, as is usual,
 taken from the premium fund, but are defrayed by the Corporation
 out of their share of the profits, thus giving the assured all the advan-
 tages of Mutual Assurance, and the security of an ancient and opulent
 Corporation.

Assurances without participation, and short period assurances, are
 effected on very advantageous terms.

Parties proceeding abroad are liberally treated.
 Fire Insurances on every description of property at moderate rates,
 and Marine Assurance at the current premiums.

Prospectuses may be had at their offices, 7 Royal Exchange, Corn-
 hill, and 10 Regent Street, or sent free on a written application.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in 1836. Empowered by Acts of Parliament.

TRUSTEES.

Sir Thomas Brancker,
 Adam Hodgson, Esq.
 William Potter, Esq.

Offices in Liverpool—No. 8 Water Street.

DIRECTORS.

William Earle, Esq., Chairman.
 William Dixon, Esq., William Nicol, Esq., Deputy-Chairmen.
 Swinton Boulton, Esq., Secretary.

Offices in London—3 Charlotte Row, Mansion House, and 28 Regent
 Street, Waterloo Place.

DIRECTORS.

William Ewart, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
 George Frederick Young, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
 Benjamin Henderson, Esq., Resident Secretary.
 Frederick Chinnock, Esq., Manager of West-end Office.

Offices in Edinburgh—29 Northumberland Street; Agents, Messrs.
 Mackenzie and Todd.

Offices in Dublin—45 Dame Street; Agents, Messrs. Smyths and
 Du Bédats.

The amount of capital subscribed exceeds 1,500,000*l.* At the com-
 mencement of 1848, the Reserved and Guaranteed Funds were together
 160,487*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* The liability of the proprietors is unlimited.

The Fire Business has steadily increased year by year. The duty
 paid to Government in 1836 was 3,414*l.*; in 1846 it reached 12,362*l.*
 The Premiums are moderate; the settlement of claims liberal and
 prompt. Insurances are effected in the British Colonies and in foreign
 countries, as well as throughout the United Kingdom.

In the Life Department, simplicity, certainty, and large guaranteed
 bonuses, involving no liability of partnership, with very reasonable
 premiums, are characteristics of the Company. The amount of Insur-
 ances effected in 1847 was 124,878*l.*

Capital Sums, payable on a fixed future day, giving to property held
 under Lease for years certain, the same value as if it were freehold,
 are insured by the Company. Policies of this description are available
 for many other purposes as well.

Full prospectuses may be had on application at the Offices or Agen-
 cies, and every facility and despatch will be afforded to persons desirous
 of negotiating business.

Applications for Agencies accompanied with unexceptionable refer-
 ences may be addressed to the Offices of the Company in either Liver-
 pool or London.

SWINTON BOULT,
 22d March, 1848. Secretary to the Company.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE.—

A WHITE POWDER for the TEETH, compounded of the choicest
 and most recherché Ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, of inestimable
 value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the
 Gums, and in giving sweetness and perfume to the Breath. It extir-
 pates all tartarous adhesions to the Teeth, and ensures a pearl-like
 whiteness to the enamelled surface. Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic
 properties exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they
 arrest the further progress of decay of the Teeth, induce a healthy
 action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and
 colour indicative of perfect soundness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained its selection by Her Majesty
 the Queen, the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and the
 Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe.—Price 2*s.* 9*d.* per Box.

CAUTION.—To protect the Public from fraud, the Hon. Commis-
 sioners have directed the Proprietors' Names and Address, thus,—
 "A. ROWLAND and SON, 20 HATTON GARDEN," to be engraved on
 the Government Stamp, which is affixed on each Box.—Sold by the
 Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publica-
 tion of the RAMBLER has been opened at No. 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet
 Street, where Advertisements are received by Mr. S. EYRE until
 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

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 of Surrey, Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the
 County of Middlesex, Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklyn, of Number 2 Claremont
 Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at their Printing Office, Great
 New Street, Fetter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and
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